

WILLIAM BOOTH. FOUNDER.

GENERAL, BRAMWELL BOOTH

# The WAR CRY

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OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE

CHRIST FOR THE WORLD.

SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA EAST

AND NEWFOUNDLAND

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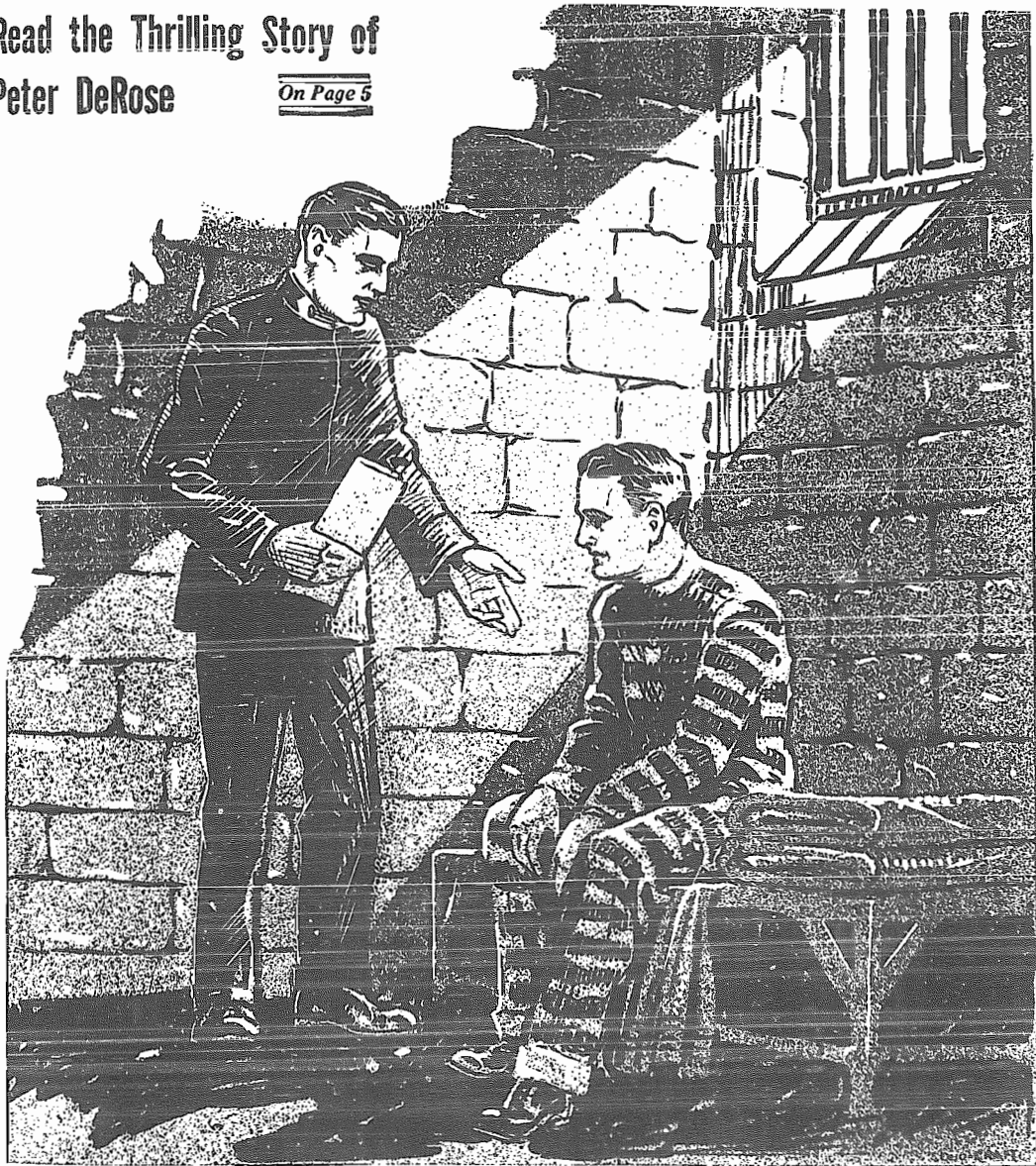
No. 2296. Price Five Cents.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 13th, 1928.

WILLIAM MAXWELL, Lt.-Commissioner.

Read the Thrilling Story of  
Peter DeRose

On Page 5



"THOUGH YOUR SINS BE AS SCARLET THEY SHALL BE AS WHITE AS SNOW."

The Army Officer is welcomed in the prisons, where in many cases he is able to lead the prisoner to the Great Liberator, who promises pardon, full and free, to the "Whosoever."

## DAILY BIBLE READINGS

Sunday, Oct. 14th—John 14:25-31.  
 "He shall . . . bring all things to your remembrance."—Apart from any human voice or teaching the Blessed Spirit often brings to us messages of comfort or warning from God's Word. Passages come to our minds fitting in exactly with our need. But He cannot bring to our remembrance what we have never troubled to learn, so let us store our minds with the Word of God.  
 "Thus may we all Thy words obey, And go rejoicing on our way."

Monday, Oct. 15th—John 15:1-15.  
 "My Father is the Husbandman."  
 —How comforting the thought that, as branches of the True Vine, we are under the care of so wise and loving a Husbandman! Even in the use of the pruning knife, His is a tender, skillful hand. Sometimes when He would do the very best for us spiritually, the discipline is such that the flesh is tempted to rebel. But patient submission always leads to the increased fruitfulness which is the aim of all God's pruning.

Tuesday, Oct. 16th—John 15:16-27.  
 "The servant is not greater than his Lord."—We must not, therefore, expect honor and ease when the Master had neither. The Lord never promised His followers an easy path down here. We should get "soft" spiritually were our way too smooth.  
 "Let us press on, in patient self-denial,

Accept the hardship, shrink not from the loss;  
 Our portion lies beyond the hour of trial,  
 Our crown beyond the cross."

Wednesday, Oct. 17th—John 16:1-11.  
 "It is expedient for you that I go away."—Christ went away for their sakes, not because He had grown tired of living on the earth. His going was part of God's wonderful plan for greater blessing to them and to the world in the coming of the Holy Spirit. Now, by His Spirit, Jesus can be with us each one, everywhere and all the time.

Thursday, Oct. 18th—John 16:12-22.  
 "Your joy no man taketh from you."—Mere earthly joys often fade and fail in days of trial and sorrow, but the joy Jesus gives is unaffected by life's changing circumstances.  
 "The wells of my joy flow deeper than my pain," said a child of God who was a great sufferer. "I did sing as though joy did make me  
 (Continued in column 4)

# The Grandest Thrill in all The World

DO YOU WANT FULLNESS OF JOY? THEN SEEK THE EXPERIENCE DESCRIBED IN THIS ARTICLE

"Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess, but be filled with the Spirit."—Ephesians 5:17.

A FIRST sight it seems strange to contrast fullness of the Spirit with fullness of intoxicating drink. But the Bible presents many ideas to us in pairs of contraries. Light is contrasted to darkness, wise men to fools, the heights of purity to the depths of degradation, the Lamb of God to the ravelling beast typifying evil.

Such contrast serves to bring out in sharp relief the wide difference between good and evil, truth and error. Thus the aim of the writer of the verse quoted above is to show us that there is one intensity of feeling produced by stimulating the senses, another by quickening the spiritual life within. One is ruin, the other Salvation.

## The Craving for Life

The craving for life and more life, for excitement and thrill, for escape from monotony, is the desire that lies at the bottom of many forms of activity which are as diverse as possible. It constitutes the fascination of the politician's life, of the warrior's career, of the explorer's wanderings. In a far lower form it stimulates the pleasure of the gambler's life and that of the votaries of fashion and sport. What they crave is the freedom from boredom, the power of feeling intensely.

The proper and natural outlet for this feeling, however, is the life of the Spirit. What is religion but fuller life? To live in the Spirit is to have keener feelings and mightier powers—to rise into a higher consciousness of life.

This is an intense feeling, too intense to be excited, profound in its calmness, yet rising at times in its higher flights into that ecstatic life which is well described as "fullness of joy." These are the pentecostal hours of our existence, when the Spirit comes as a mighty rushing wind filling the soul with God.

We see the difference then between drunkenness and being filled with the Spirit. One fullness begins from without, the other from within. One proceeds from the flesh and then influences the emotions. The other re-

verses this order. Stimulants like strong drink, inflame the senses, and through them set the imagination and feelings on fire; and the law of our spiritual being is, that that which begins with the Spirit, on the other hand, spiritualizes the senses, in which it subsequently gives emotion. This is the grandest thrill in all the world.

Extending the Apostle's principle we see that wine is but a specimen of a class of stimulants. All that begins from without belongs to the same class. The stimulus may be afforded by almost any enjoyment of the senses. Drunkenness may come from anything wherein is excess; from over-indulgence in pleasure, sport, music, literature, society, and even the delight of listening to oratory.

This kind of fullness satiates and exhausts, the fullness of the Spirit calms.

We are peculiarly exposed in this age to the danger of over-stimulation of the senses in the endeavor to get a thrill. More and more are artificial expedients being resorted to in order to excite the jaded senses of a people satiated with enjoyment. Jazz music, picture shows, sensational literature, new amusement devices, thrilling stunts are employed more and more in a mad effort to keep up the excitement and sharpen people's feelings against the monotony of existence. Young and old are demanding what they call "life" and are seeking to sustain it by new impulses from without, instead of seeking that power within which can alone give true satisfaction.

## The Message for This Age

It is those who are most unfitted to sustain the danger, whose feelings need restraint instead of spur, and whose imaginations are most inflammable, that are specially exposed to it.

"It is a mad world, my masters," is a saying of one of Shakespeare's characters. We will well conclude that this is so as we look upon a world mad with the excitement of wars and rumors of wars, of new discoveries and inventions, of political

strife and turmoil, of conflicting religious opinions, and new opportunities of travel and pleasure undreamed of by our forefathers.

The message for an age such as this is—"Be filled with the Spirit." Spiritual life claims while it fills. True it is that there are pentecostal hours when the soul is surrounded by a kind of glory, and we are tempted to make tabernacles upon the mount, as if life were meant for rest; but out of that very cloud there comes a voice telling of the Cross, and bidding us descend to the common duties and humble lives.

Thus will make us brave, calm and resolute in face of opposition and scorn, it will give us a vision of the world's need, it will give us power to do our part to meet it. It will fill our hearts with love and compassion for the erring and send us forth to rescue them from sin and point them to the Cross. It will give us true and right views regarding the happenings of our time, and endue us with wisdom from on High to what are the best methods of extending God's Kingdom.

Let us pray then for this filling of the Spirit: it is the only thing necessary for God's people if they would attain success in spiritual warfare and have the joy of leading many souls to the Cross.

## DAILY BIBLE READINGS

(Continued from column 1)

sing," writes Bunyan, telling of his journey back from Court to his prison cell.

Friday, Oct. 19th—John 16:23-33.  
 "That in My name might have peace."

"Jesus, peace and joy art Thou, Joy and peace for ever!  
 Joy that fades not, changes not, Peace that leaves us never.  
 Mid all the traffic of the ways, Turmoils without, within;  
 Make in my heart a quiet place, And come and dwell therein."

Saturday, Oct. 20th—John 17:1-14.  
 "This is life eternal, that they might know Thee."—To truly know God means much more than knowing about Him. It is becoming personally acquainted with Him, and being received into His family, through repentance of sin, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. We are thus made partakers of His Spirit, and His love is shed abroad in our hearts. This is the knowledge of God which gives eternal life.

## A STRANGER'S IMPRESSIONS

The following letter was handed to Colonel Pugmire during the Cadets Welcome Sunday Meetings at Clapton on Sunday.

The Colonel remembers visiting the writer as mentioned in the letter, some seventeen years ago:

"For the U.S.A. Sunday newspapers which now run special pages of Sunday material, I was detailed to describe The Salvation Army Cadet Movement in London, and I dropped into the Congress Hall to-day with a colleague to see what it was like.

"As 'fishers of men' they struck me forcibly by their demeanor, their attack, if not particularly their testimonies, certainly their song. When men sing like that they certainly have the Spirit of God behind it.

"Personally, I was greatly blessed. None struck me more the night than that discourse this morning. It was a clear, concise subject, ably delivered. No one enjoyed it better than I who did not go to hear it. You know me, Colonel, as a man who has built fine buildings which have fallen down. I have had great and many disasters.

"The Salvation Army lifted me. I was told in prison at St. Vincent de Paul where you visited me once that I was 'hell let loose.' The Salvation Army I would have long ago been dead—a suicide.

"From stinking and hell I lived me."  
 —London "War Cry."

## Clippings from Contemporaries

meeting. It was a touching sight to see the comrades with linked hands singing together, 'God be with you till we meet again.' I had the joy of meeting him a few days ago. He was in full uniform, and one of the busiest and happiest men in the Corps to which he has become attached as a Soldier.—Wellington "War Cry."

### "PUNCH" FINDS PEACE

Leaving home as a boy of ten, "Punch" at once started on the downward track, and soon prison became the rule rather than the exception, and the accused drunk more than life itself. Did he want a clean shirt? There were many hanging upon the various clothes-lines as he journeyed along, and he always thought exchange was—well, no robbery. One night, having spent, with the exception of a threepenny-bit, his en-

tire pay on drink within a few hours of receiving it, he heard a Band. Then, as the music stopped there floated upon the night air the beautiful words:

Art thou weary? Art thou languid?  
 Art thou sore distressed?

"Of course he was tired," he argued, "but where could he find rest?" And then came the answer to his question: "Come to Me," said One, "and coming."

Be at rest!"

The Band formed up and marched to the Hall, being followed by "Punch," who made his way direct to the penitentiary-form, where he was gloriously converted. The change in his appearance was soon a matter of much comment in the town, and to-day sees "Punch," as Colonel Sergeant, carrying the Flag in front of the Band, and a well-saved and respected citizen.—Melbourne "War Cry."



## EX-PRISONER BECOMES A SOLDIER

A very touching farewell took place in Pentridge Prison a month or two ago, when one of the convicts, having completed his sentence, was discharged. Lieut.-Colonel Albistou in describing it says:—

"I believe he is going to be an excellent Salvationist. He has been converted six months, and looked forward to your next visit to Pentridge to swear him in. But seeing you were unable to come, we swore him in on Saturday in the Soldiers'

## FOR GOD AND THE ARMY

Captain James Wilder and Lieutenant Gladys Bexton United in Marriage

A very happy ceremony was recently conducted in the Stratford Citadel by Colonel Adley when Captain James Wilder and Lieutenant Gladys Bexton were united in marriage.

After the marriage vows had been spoken, Colonel Adley sang an appropriate solo and added a few words of suitable advice to the newly-married Officers, charging them to give God the preeminence in all things. Captain George Wright, the best man,



Captain and Mrs. Wilder

read telegrams of congratulation from Lt.-Commissioner and Mrs. Maxwell, Colonel and Mrs. Henry, Brigadier Burton and many others.

Both Captain and Mrs. Wilder spoke of God's leadings in the past and their determination to work for Him in the future. Lieutenants Bexton and Wilder supported the bride, a few choice words of congratulation being spoken by the latter.

The reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, where many wishes for future usefulness and happiness were offered to Captain and Mrs. Wilder.

The parents of our comrades, who are active Salvationists, must be full of gratitude to God to see their children devoting their lives to His service.

May the united service of our comrades be the means of much blessing.

## "Alright, Salvation Army; He's Your Man"

And Poor Old Jake, Who Found Himself Before the Bench for Selling Boot-Laces on the Sabbath, Breathed Again, as He Went Away in Care of His New Friends

OLD JAKE was in a dilemma. He tilted his antiquated hat to a dangerous angle, overhanging the left ear, plunged his fingers through the towelled mop of graying hair, and scratched his head most vigorously. This procedure indicated that he was in a contemplative mood. "Well, I guess it's got to be done," he finally muttered. "At any rate, I'll take the risk!"

Having philosophically arrived at this momentous decision, Jake restored the rusty head-gear to its rightful position, and proceeded to the street, carrying with him a gaudy cardboard box, containing a most nondescript assortment of shoe-laces, ranging in hue through the whole gamut of conventional shoe-coloring. Very soon he was ensconced in his favorite haunt, at a busy Toronto intersection.

"I'll have to keep my weather-eye open for cops," he soliloquized. "Spose I'm breakin' the law sellin' shoe-laces on Sunday. But what's a feller got'n to do? There's no work nor nothin'—"

At this juncture Jake's cogitations were rudely interrupted. "Hello! What's this. I'm afraid I'll have to take you along with me. Don't you know you're not supposed to sell on Sunday?" It was a burly blue-coated policeman who spoke.

Jake was startled. He didn't know what to say, and before he had time to gain any semblance of equanimity, he was hurried off through the streets, and ere the city ball's "Big Ben" had struck another quarter-hour, Jake was behind the bars.

On Monday, Jake presented his woeful figure before the Toronto City Hall Magistrate.

"What charge do you bring against this man?"

"He is accused of violation of 'The Lord's Day Act,' your worship. He was selling shoe-laces on Sunday."

Old Jake was unacquainted with court proceedings. His eye wandered timidly about the room. He was at-

tracted by the lawyers—some husily writing, others holding whispered consultations with their clients. Some looked or other the old man could tell that they were lawyers. He sighed. "I've got no lawyer nor nothin'," he moaned to himself. "Guess they'll cancel my license now, and then what'll I do?" He concluded this dismal contemplation with a few softly-uttered imprecations against the law courts and policemen in general, tell one blue-coat in particular, who even then was leaning nonchalantly against a nearby pillar.

"Guilty or not guilty?" thundered a voice from the bench.

Pete jumped from his reverie. He was puzzled. Then a uniformed man stepped up and whispered softly. "He's speaking to you, old chap. Tell him, guilty or not guilty!" Pete caught on. "I'm guilty, your Worship. It came tremulously from the old man's lips.

The Judge placed his pen to the big book and prepared to announce sentence, when a clear voice rang out over the court-room.

"We will take him, your worship. If you will permit us. The poor old fellow has been out of work. But we'll look after him if you'll let him off this time."

The Judge looked up from his book. Pete's heart stood in his mouth whilst he awaited the decision. A second passed. It seemed like an eternity to Pete. Then the Judge said quietly, as though it was quite an ordinary thing for him to receive such a request, "Alright, Salvation Army. He's your man," and then to the court—"Next case, please!"

Old Jake is no longer in a dilemma. He's with The Army. He has steady work now. And remember, whoever you may be, even Jake, though nearing his three-score and ten, may yet learn the secret which brings "worth-whileness" to life. May God bless old Jake, and all the other "Jakes" the world over.

## THEY DIDN'T FORGET The Hand Which Aided Them in Their Extremity

Behind many donations given to The Army there are some interesting stories. Recently there came to Headquarters from a small Ontario town the following letter, which speaks for itself.

"About nine years ago when we were living in West Toronto I was a member of The Salvation Army on Leslie Street, when Captain Leech was Officer here. I took sick from heart trouble for eight months, and I got aid from The Salvation Army. Soon after that I took sick for nearly six years. Now I am healed through prayer and started to work a little while ago. I am so thankful for what the Lord did for me that I am sending you six dollars, about the amount that you helped us with."

At Parrsboro, N.S., The Army has recently purchased the site for a new Citadel. We were able to do this mainly through a bequest of \$800 from a farmer who passed away recently. Some months ago Major Riley, when visiting the Corps, heard that this man, who was formerly a Salvationist, was sick. He made a special journey of several miles to visit and pray with him. Later, when word came that he was dying, the Corps Officer took pains to go and see him and speak to him of eternal matters.

## "A MOST DESERVING CASE" HELPED AT SAINT JOHN

A most deserving case was brought to our attention recently, one which we were enabled by God's providence to relieve. A tuberculous cripple (the father of a small family) has just left the hospital, and is reunited with his dear ones. During the Summer the eldest boy, eleven years of age, has been the bread-winner, going from door to door in the city and neighboring townships, selling needles. The family were almost without furniture in their basement flat, and it has been our great privilege to supply them with bedding, table and chairs, an easy chair for the crippled father, and other useful articles.

As the boy-bread-winner must now return to school, the Officers and friends of our No. III Corps will keep a watchful eye on the family, and we have every confidence that "The Lord will provide."—Commandant Green.

## THE LIFE-LINE

Throw out the life-line across the dark

There is a brother whom some one should save;  
Somebody's brother! Oh, when they will dare

To throw out the life-line, his peril to share?

Throw out the life-line! Throw out the life-line

Someone is drifting away.  
Throw out the life-line! Throw out the life-line!

Someone is sinking to-day!

Soon will the season of rescue be o'er,  
Soon will they drift to eternity's shores;  
Haste, then, my comrades, no time for delay,  
But throw out the life-line, and save

We believe that Windsor, in the not too distant future, will become one of our principal industrial centres. The Prison Work, such as Jail meetings and Police Court Work, is being carefully looked after by the Adjutant.

## MONTREAL

Word has just come to hand that Mrs. Brigadier Byers has undergone a very serious operation on her throat in the General Hospital. We are glad to say she is making good progress towards recovery.

## THE CONGRESS

Preparations are being made whereby the Men's Social Work will be represented at the coming Congress in a manner befitting our work. Watch us!

## Gleanings from the Men's Social

### QUELPH REFORMATORY

Colonel Morehen, the Men's Social Secretary, assisted by Major McElaney, conducted the services with the prisoners on Sunday last.

On arrival they were met by Envoy and Mrs. Dawson, the genial Salvation Army workers here and held a service attended by one of the largest gatherings ever seen here. The Dawson family, four in number, sang very effectively, and two sons of the Envoy also sang a duet which was greatly appreciated. A special feature was a tenor solo by a prisoner, which moved the whole audience.

The Colonel gave a heart-to-heart address and presented the Gospel message in a very direct manner. Between the morning and afternoon meetings of the prisoners were interviewed and advice given on many subjects.

In the night meeting many of the prisoners signified they had sought the Saviour and many others held up their hands desiring prayer. The congregational singing was exceptionally good and must certainly have had a good effect on the prisoners themselves.

The Colonel concluded with another very telling address which will live long in the minds of both prisoners and staff.

A word of appreciation should be extended to the officials for their kind consideration to our Officers and their work.

### LANGSTAFF AND CONCORD

Brother Arthur Copping, International Journalist, who has been spending a few days in Toronto, visited the institutions at Langstaff and Concord, on Sunday, September 16th, in company with Major Thompson and Commandant Bunton, and was exceedingly interested in the work that The Army is doing amongst the prisoners.

At Langstaff, in the forenoon, over one hundred men gathered in the auditorium. After the opening exercises and a solo by Captain Hilda Ercott, Brother Copping was introduced by Major Thompson, and gave an address which was not only exceptionally interesting because of the sparkle of incident gained from his world travels, but because the language of the heart was so noticeable.

The men drank in the message with great eagerness and even when the service slacked sat in their seats as if they were expecting more. Then Commandant Bunton started the chorus they knew so well, "Never grow old." How those men can sing. Our hearts are stirred and we are grateful for the opportunity afforded to deliver the Salvation message to them.

After lunch, the special visitor was escorted through the Hospital where he talked to the aged men and gave a word of advice to each. Captain Broom also sang a solo. Commandant Bunton then led the way to the lock-

ed cells where other conversations took place between the visitor and the more hardened inmates.

A drive of three miles brought the party to Concord where a wonderful meeting was conducted amongst the women prisoners.

Captain Broom sang by request "I will not forget thee," and Brother Copping spoke very feelingly to the inmates and related the story of the conversion of "Hallelujah Nancy," a story not only interesting, but instructive, and in which the power of Jesus to save the soul was so beautifully portrayed.

### DON JAIL

Commandants Bunton and Millar saw a real break in their meeting with the men on Saturday. Ten men stood to their feet and earnestly pronounced lead a better him in Toronto a few days ago. This man had gone from one place to another every few months, presumably to evade being caught; but when once The Army's long arm of enquiry gets going there are not many fugitives who remain hidden.

### ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT

After searching for two years for a man who had left his wife and two children in Scotland, our Officer was successful in locating him in Toronto a few days ago. This man had gone from one place to another every few months, presumably to evade being caught; but when once The Army's long arm of enquiry gets going there are not many fugitives who remain hidden.

### WINDSOR

Adjutant Ward, the newly-appointed Superintendent of the Men's Social work here, has on foot plans for rearranging the industrial store in this busy city.

[illegible]



# "CAP'N, I'VE NEVER HAD A CHANCE"

The Thrilling Story of Peter DeRose, who, after Twenty-Eight years Behind Prison Bars, was Paroled through the Efforts of The Army, and spent his Sunset Years in the Care of his new-Found Friends

"WHEN my father and mother forsoke me, then the Lord will take me up." The Psalmist's cry might well have been that of Peter DeRose. He was born in a Quebec town nearly a century ago, but beyond that the relationship between parents and son seems to have ceased. For many years previous to his death he owned no kin but The Salvation Army, and knew no home but what The Army provided.

And now old Peter has gone Home. Two weeks ago he was bubbling about the Industrial building at Richmond St., Toronto. He was not obliged to be there, because advancing age and failing strength prevented him from doing anything but the lightest work. But he loved to be around the familiar haunts. A short time ago his condition became so bad that he was admitted to the Western Hospital, where he passed peacefully away on Friday, September 21st.

A little group of Men's Social Officers and employees gathered in the Funeral Chapel on Tuesday, September 25th, to pay their last respects to this "outcast of society," whose reclamation and reformation The Army was instrumental in effecting.

## Paying Court to Bacchus

The story of Peter DeRose is one of absorbing interest. "Pete," as might naturally be expected, was somewhat reticent about his past, but now and again he would draw aside the veil and reveal episodes which strikingly portray the depths to which those twin evils—drink and bad company—can drag a man.

In the days when the country beyond Winnipeg was less civilized than now, Peter was working with a railroad gang in the vicinity of Crows' Nest Pass. It is supposed that when pay day came round the customary carousal occurred, Peter being no whit behind his chums in paying court to Bacchus. Had he foreseen the disastrous consequences of this spree he would have hesitated before dabbling with the fatal bottle. There were four of them; they drank till their brains were afire and their tongues loosed. A heated argument developed which ended in a "free for all" and then the shot was fired which nearly sent DeRose to the gallows and earned for him twenty-eight years in a Penitentiary.

Following the fracas and the finding of the slain man, Peter and his two companions were run to earth, and committed to Westminster Penitentiary, British Columbia. The three men appeared for trial. It could not be ascertained who fired the fatal shot, and so all three were sentenced to be hanged.

## A Life-Term

DeRose always declared his innocence, and there is every reason to suppose that he was not the guilty party. But justice must be satisfied and he was sentenced because of his complicity in the affair.

Whilst awaiting the day of execution something occurred which added forty-three years to his life. One of the two escaped. Soon after, the other prisoner died, and Peter alone was left to pay the penalty for a crime of which he was probably not guilty. In view of these happenings

bars! Nearly three decades! He entered "the Pen" four years after The Army made its first appearance in Canada. He little knew how much that despised and persecuted people would mean to him in after years. He said farewell to freedom when our work was yet confined to a small area in Eastern Canada; he came out when it had spread to the "four corners" of the Dominion, and from a "despised few" had flourished into a mighty Army.

One day he heard of a "Captain" Frazer who was interested in the inmates, and had even succeeded in obtaining liberty for certain light sentence men. That anyone should be interested in such unlovable characters was somewhat of a revelation.

and the more earnest was he in his petitions to the authorities.

He wrote Ottawa twice on DeRose's behalf and then went there in person and presented himself before Mr. Clark, the Deputy Minister. After some conversation Mr. Clark promised to take it up with the Minister. Two months later a wife arrived at The Army Headquarters requesting Brigadier Frazer to go to Kingston and get DeRose, who was to become The Army's responsibility. Joyfully he set out, and no less joyfully Peter met him at the gates.

That journey to the railway station will never be forgotten by the Brigadier. DeRose was like a child whose blind eyes had been opened. The children were just coming from



A quartet of remarkable Army prison trophies, photographed with the late St. Captain Cornish, then in charge of the Toronto Industrial Department where they were found employment after being paroled in The Army's care. (Back row, from left): Peter DeRose, whose story appears on this page; Brother Brown, who served nineteen and a half years in prison and is now living as a useful and respectable citizen on a farm; "Uncle Dick," who, after over fifty years behind the bars, was cared for by The Army till he died. (Seated, right): Brother Richards, who was in prison for between thirty and forty years and spent his declining years in The Army's care. All these men were paroled chiefly through the efforts of Brigadier Frazer, now retired, during his service as Prison Secretary.

Then the thought dawned in his soul—"Could the Cap'n get me out?" A quarter-century in a cell was surely sufficient to satisfy justice, he reflected. He decided to see this man.

Peter laylaid the Brigadier in the corridor, after he had finished interviewing a number of men. "I'd like to speak to you, Cap'n." "I know what you want," replied the Brigadier, "but you're not on my list, and I'm afraid I can't help you." "But, Cap'n, I've never had a chance. I've been here twenty-eight years." And then he told the Brigadier his tragic story.

The Brigadier did not leave him entirely without hope. He broached the subject to the Warden. "Peter DeRose is not a case for you, Captain," was the rather discouraging rejoinder. "For one thing, he is not of your faith."

"Sir," replied the Brigadier warmly, "that makes not the slightest difference to us; we don't quibble about creed or caste. The Salvation Army is here to do its best for every man, irrespective of his religion. I would like DeRose on my list for parole."

It was not easy to convince the authorities that Peter should be given "a chance." He was branded as a

the more the Brigadier saw of DeRose, the more sure was he that the man was worthy of his best efforts,

school. Peter stopped in his tracks, whilst big tears of gratitude and joy welled up and overflowed. "Twenty-eight years since I saw children," he sobbed. He was dumb with astonishment when he reached Toronto and walked up Yonge St. with his companion. Electric signs had not long been invented at this time and Peter gazed in awe and admiration at the clusters of scintillating lights.

Peter had been given forty years parole and Brigadier Frazer was to be held directly responsible for him during that period. The death of his ward has obviated the necessity of the Brigadier living until nearly a hundred! Even at that our veteran comrade is verging the Biblical span of life of three score years and ten.

The official ticket-of-leave inscription, which is preserved in The Army's files, and signed by the Under Secretary of State, reads thus: "His Royal Highness hereby orders that the said Peter DeRose, whose life-sentence has been commuted to forty years, be set at liberty within thirty days from the date of this order, on condition that he accepts the employment offered him by The Salvation Army and places himself under the care of the chief Officer of the Industrial Department of that

Eight years ago The Army again interceded in Peter's behalf, and succeeded in securing his pardon.

The conduct of DeRose has more than justified his release. He was an industrious and conscientious workman, declares Major Wallace White. He was kind-hearted, honest and obedient. When at the Industrial Store at 76 Queen St. East, he was entrusted with the store keys, and was always the first "on the job."

He was a prominent figure during the Red Shield Drive several years ago when he appeared frequently at Army platforms in Ontario towns as an example of our grand salvaging efforts among waste humanity. His story of sin, imprisonment and glorious freedom procured through the medium of The Army excited no small comment in the press and in public.

Peter's kind old heart was always responsive to two things—children and animals. He loved to talk to little boys and girls. They learned to regard him not only as a kind-hearted "granddad" but as their private exchequer. He seemed to have an endless supply of coppers. In his room at the Augusta Working-men's Home hung a picture of which he was very fond. It depicted some chubby little maids sitting in a small wagon which was being drawn by a team of frolicsome puppies. Among his curios which he made a hobby of collecting, were several dolls!

## A Peaceful End

Until the end, our comrades, Envoy and Mrs. Wiltshire, at the Home where he lived, made his last days as comfortable as possible. On his death-bed Brigadier Frazer talked about his soul: "The end is not far off," he said, and Peter replied, "Yes, I guess you're right. I am alone in the world." "It will be all right, Peter. If you die, The Army will bury you properly." "Thank you," said Peter. "What you must do, Peter," continued the Brigadier, "is to pray." "I am praying all the time," replied Peter, "and I feel that God is going to give me a peaceful end."

And his words were fulfilled. He slipped away quietly, and thus ended the career of one who, as Colonel Morehen said at the Funeral service, had been lifted from the deepest depths, thus proving that there is indeed One who is Almighty to save, and which has once again justified the Founder's injunction to "go for souls and go for the worst!"

## "THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM"

When preparing your Will, please remember the great needs of The Salvation Army, and as enable its beneficent Mission of Mercy to continue when you have passed away. FOR OF WILL AND BEQUEST:

"I GIVE, DEVISE AND BEQUEATH unto the General Governing Council of The Salvation Army, Canada East Territory, the sum of £..... (or my property, known as No..... in the City or Town of.....), to be used and applied by them at their discretion for the general purposes of The Salvation Army in the said Territory."

OR,

"I bequeath to General William Bramwell Booth, or other the General for the time being of The Salvation Army, the sum of \$..... to be used and applied by him at his discretion for the general purposes of the work of The Salvation Army in foreign lands, the receipt of the said William Bramwell Booth, or other the General for the time being aforesaid, to be sufficient discharge by my Trustees for the said sum."

For further information, apply to.....

# The CHALLENGE of the EAST

## A STORY OF THE TROPICS

by Ensign William G. Harris



### CHAPTER VIII Another Challenge

**E** VANGEL SELLAR's sudden coming to the Home of the Rammakers had meant much to the contraleur and his wife. The Army Officer brought a new and blessed radiance into their home. The natural ease and indulgence of their lives, with all that money and servants could provide, had received an inspirational awakening—an awakening to the greater things of life and eternity, to which they had scarcely given a thought since the days when they ran and scampered their way to the Dutch Reformed Church in their quaint little native village on the boundaries of Amsterdam.

Thus it was when the days of racking pain and high fevers were over and Lieutenant Sellar was convalescent, the Rammakers pressed her to stay with them, and so let the congenial atmosphere of the Tjandri house and district help her to perfect health once more.

Evangel found inactivity irksome and longed to be back, or at least near her work in Djedjak. A passion for the souls of the people still burned at white heat in her bones, but her Captain, Jean Sinclair, wisely persuaded her to listen to the urgent pleadings of the Rammakers. And Evangel, who had learned to love her newly and suddenly found friends as much as they had learned to appreciate her, was glad to stay.

One bright tropical morning found her lounging on one of the long rattans (cane chairs) on the Rammaker's shaded veranda.

Outside a myriad of curious insects buzzed and hummed, and sometimes a giant flying beetle would burst through the cracks of the sun-blinds and come in from the blinding sun to the cool shade of the veranda, which extended to the three sides of the house. But Evangel had no heed at the moment for the interesting things that nature in the tropics has to show.

She was intent on mastering the intricacies of the Javanese language. Even in sickness her consuming thought was for the Salvation of the native people around her, and convalescence presented a golden opportunity to fit herself for more efficient service by improving her knowledge of their language.

How difficult the language was!

Be it known to our readers that for the majority of words in the Javanese language there are three distinct forms. There is the low Javanese, which is called ngaku, high Javanese, called krama, and very high Javanese, named krama ingil. The native addresses a superior in high Javanese, while the superior answers him in low Javanese, and in prayers, or when speaking of God, Christ, or even some high celebrity, the very high form of the language is spoken. Thus a white person rarely hears the form of language spoken by himself, as he speaks always to a native in "low," who answers him in "high."

Evangel, intent on her study of diligently repeating "you" in ngaku is "kow," you" in krama is "sampean," you" in krama ingil is "panjenengan." She did not notice the quiet sidling towards her chair of the young assistant contraleur, Duncan Voorhuis.

"Talking to yourself, Miss Sellar," he cried in his deep voice. "Is this a new malady? I hope so, if it means your stay here will be prolonged."

"I think you are both nice and nasty at the same time this morning, Mr. Voorhuis," replied Evangel with a smile.

The two young people had learned to know (and, perhaps, admire) a good deal about each other in the weeks that had passed since the never-to-be-forgotten day of rescue.

Each day that Duncan Voorhuis was at home he contrived to spend various odd half hours with Evangel Sellar.

The young Officer appreciated his company, too. He was cheery, dryly humorous, and yet without endowed with ample common sense and a wide outlook on life. She found herself more and more anticipating the hours of his visits, which was very natural (so she told her own heart), with the Rammakers and the Government doctor, and his wife the only other whites in the village. Duncan looked over Evangel's shoulder and pulled a wry face when he saw the language study books.

"Why do you do it?"

"Well," replied the girl, "if I am to be of any use to my Javanese people I must understand them, live among them, 'get into their skins,' as we say in The Salvation Army, and, surely then, Mr. Voorhuis, learn their language, and—"

"Your Javanese people?" bantered Voorhuis. "Since when?"



"Now, please, be serious. They are my people. I know I have been called of God to work among them. You see my work is not merely in The Salvation Army working in Java as a cog in a sort of evangelical and philanthropic business concern. The Army is one expression of the divine plan for the betterment of the world. I have very definitely realized God's plan for me," continued Evangel with deep feeling. "This is my job for Christ, and the Javanese are my people. Hence these hours of perspiration over their very difficult language."

"You win, Miss Sellar, for now I'm completely out of my depth!"

"But after all your sacrifice for these people are they grateful? Do they appreciate your efforts?"

Evangel Sellar did not reply. She was thinking of the contents of a letter from her Captain, telling of the difficult times back in Djedjak.

The young official continued, "A boy from your village told my servant, and I heard a couple of months ago, that things were being made very unpleasant for your Captain in Djedjak. Of course, I took the necessary steps to rectify that, but it brings home fairly vividly, I think, the attitude of the native mind towards missionary effort."

"Of course, I'm out here because it's my job, but also because there is big money in it, but I can't eat the point at all. It is necessary for a girl like yourself to give up your school teaching and a comfortable home in America, to come here and work for a pittance, live in a wretched little native hut and give your life to the missionizing of these natives."

The official was getting quite vehement in his words.

Presently his eyes strayed to a group of girls, who were squatting one behind the other on the side of the village lane. They were each diligently hunting, with all fingers busy, in the head of the girl in front of them. It shall not here be stated, however, how they were disposing of the prey that they were evidently capturing. The girl at the front of the line was, of course, always idle, so to even things up the one at the end would periodically move and sit at the front of the line.

"Look at yonder group, Miss Sellar. Why waste your time working for people of that type who are but little better than animals?"

Evangel laughed. "You are not up to form this morning, Mr. Voorhuis," she remarked. She pointed away to the nearby rice-fields, with their running waters sparkling in the sun, and perishing native workers knee-deep in mud and slime. "Those people," she said, with a twinkle in her eye, "plant every blade of rice separately by hand and produce the best rice in the world. Since God has endowed us with a better chance in life than they, why not give them a helping

"Look at yonder group, Miss Sellar. Why waste your time working for people of that type?"

hand? They're surely worthy of it." "Leave the heathen alone. That is my axiom," said Duncan. "They are happy as they are. Why try to reform them, meddle with their belief, or force ours upon them?"

"Some truly well-worn words, Mr. Voorhuis, but let me answer you."

"If you like, ignore the religious angle, which (Continued on page 12)

# Army Activities in Other Lands

*A Review of  
Our World Wide  
Operations*

## GOOD-BYE TO

### INDIA (EASTERN)

A Comrade - Officer Describes Lt.-Commissioner and Mrs. Ewen's Farewell Meeting in Calcutta

There was some regret in the heart of each Officer gathered, the spirit of the sadness of the coming parting hovered over this Farewell Meeting of our Territorial Commander and Commissioner Taramoni. Representative Officers were called upon to bid farewell to the Commissioners, Brigadier Vidya Singh (Perry), a visitor from the Western Territory, introduced into the meeting a spirit of red-hot Salvationism by his appealing speech, and the fervor of his acceptable speech.

Lt.-Commissioner Taramoni told us she came up to the last thing with real regret, she had been cheered and helped and blessed often by many of the women Officers. Continuing, the Commissioner exhorted us all to stand by the Flag, to be unceasing in our efforts to win souls, and besought the Bengali Officers to support their European comrades in this great war against sin and unrighteousness. Bengalis should help bring Bengal to a knowledge of the Salvation of Jesus Christ.

For forty-five years Commissioner Jaya Veera has been in the Service, and each appointment has taught some lesson. Calcutta has been a hard fight taken from any view point, but it had taught at least one lesson, to value the individual soul.

The new Central Hall was crowded for the final Farewell Meeting, testifying to the esteem in which the farewelling leaders are held for their work's sake in this City of Palaces. Numerous speakers eulogized the spirit and influence manifested at all times by both the Commissioner and his wife.

In the wider sphere of usefulness to which they have been appointed, may God walk with the Commissioners continually, for they are worthy; may His seal be unbroken upon their labors, for they are upright in heart and filled with a great love for the souls of men.—Gulab Bai.

## ANOTHER LEPER BAND

Instruments Supplied at Poloe of Tjanang

The Army Leper Colony, at Poloe of Tjanang, Sumatra, Dutch East Indies, is now in possession of a set of brass instruments. These were formerly used at the Military Home, Weltevreden, Java and were carried by Sumatra, free of charge, by the Royal Navigation Company.

Sgt. Captain Looie, the Officer in charge of the Leper Colony, has some knowledge of brass instruments, so the Army should now possess its second Leper Colony Band. The other band, at the Pelantongan Colony, has become famous for its sweet music, as well as for its pathetic circumstances.

Major William Adams, Training Principal of the Trinidad Garrison in the West Indian (East) Territory, is now in London for the purpose of observation and instruction in International Training Garrison methods.

## The Open Door in China

Ensign Eacott Speaks of Great Opportunities in a Great Country

AFTER eight years of missionary labor for the millions of China, Ensign Clinton Eacott tells how the text, "For a great door and effectual is opened unto me," has taken on a new and wonderful meaning to both himself and his wife. Here are incidents we extract from an inspiring record of faithful service under The Army Flag—

"It was a poorly hung door of shrunken wood, unpainted and battered; the upper half covered with dirty broken paper. It squeaked and creaked its protest as it was pulled open by a ragged child whose teeth chattered when the cold wind struck his thin emaciated frame. In the darkness beyond was another child crouching against an elderly man, who lay in a heap on a comfortless

alas, the adversary here is a strong one; for we see a beautiful but harmful-working opium smoking set lying close at hand.

"'Lady comes!' call out the children as my wife walks a dusty street, and one, a regular attendant at our children's gatherings, takes her hand fearlessly into his little grimy paw and coaxes, 'Do come and see my mother!'

"What a door these delightful black-eyed children can be, and how gladly one follows such a one through the dark archway of a heavy outer door, across the rough courtyard, through the house door, then into the inner room where the mother and the other women are. They are a little shy at first, but respond timidly yet courteously, and after further



These are the kind of women and bright little children who attend our meetings in China

brick bed with its poor frayed out remnant of straw matting. Going nearer, we found the poor fellow's feet badly frozen, with several toes almost falling off. Our inquiry elicited the fact that he was really only half the age he looked, long sickness and poverty had left such marks.

"To enter such a door with a pan of hot millet porridge and later with warm, padded garments, ointment and bandages for the poor feet, and coal balls for the battered old oil-lamp that served as a stove, was a real joy.

"Through an ancient 'moon-gate,' one of those beautifully symmetrical round gates in old compounds, we passed upon another occasion. On we went to the high, intricately-carved and brightly-painted doors of an aristocrat's house. The mistress, an elderly lady, greeted us with a solemn curtsy and a beaming smile, insisting that we precede her into the handsomely-furnished guest-room. Here, after fragrant light-colored tea was served us in most delicate china cups, we had opportunity to speak without restraint of our Lord Jesus. The old lady repeated each sentence after us with thoughtful intonation. Surely we saw one of whom, He would have said, 'Behold I stand at the door and knock.' May this door yield to Him! Though,

visits look for one's coming. Superstition and ignorance are adversaries which so often shut these women off. Urging our donkeys up the steep incline, we dismount at the entrance to a beautiful old temple. Standing for a moment under a wonderful old 'pai' (an archway, peculiarly Chinese in architecture) of white stone cleverly engraved and ornamented, we look down the wooded valley at the foot of which a tinkling stream is flowing from a sacred well near by. Turning, we pass through the marvellous old arch and in through many doors, all open. Crossing the wide courtyard we meet a priest, who bows as we bow. Greetings exchanged, he hears with brightening countenance that we are of the 'Jesus teaching.' Almost excitedly he leaves us—his loose gown billowing, his long sleeves swaying. Soon he returns and triumphantly hands us a Gospel he has had for many years. What a door in the face of many strange gods to tell again of the Most High God."

"Referring to the 'great door' represented by the children, the Ensign has given some interesting particulars to our bright little contemporary, 'The Young Soldier,' from which we call the following:

Look at the little girl on the right of the picture shown on this page. Poor little Ling! What a sad time of it she has had! This little maid

## ISLANDS OF THE EAST

Japanese Salvation Activities Extended to Two New Islands—Six Other Corps Open Successfully

An important extension of Army activities in the Far East is reported from Japan, three or four days' sailing, south of which lies the island of Formosa. This island has occasionally been visited by Lt.-Commissioner Yamamura, but until recently it was not possible to spare men or money for the inauguration of work there.

Some time ago, however, a zealous Salvationist went to live on the island, and finding an open door of opportunity commenced to hold meetings with his neighbors. A response to urgent requests the Commissioner decided to establish The Army in a new land, and accordingly two Corps have now been opened on this southern island.

At the same time it has been found possible to respond to a call from the north, and arrangements have been made for the opening of a Corps on Sagahien, an island to the far north of Japan, away beyond Hokkaido.

In addition to these three Corps, six Corps have been opened in other parts of the Territory, and reports from each of these tell of crowded Halls, high enthusiasm, and many seekers for Salvation.

was actually found in the gutter by a Salvation Army Soldier. When he picked her up he discovered that she had been badly bitten by dogs and was partly frozen. Knowing of a kind-hearted woman who came to The Army meetings, he took the poor little baby to her. She gladly accepted her as a gift from God, and nourished her until she was better. Then she was taken to The Army, dedicated, and given the name of Ling, which means 'Bright and Clever.' Now you can see what a sweet little girl she is. That is her foster mother sitting at Ling's left.

How would you like to have a number instead of a name? Not much, would you? Well, the little girl standing next to Ling in the picture belongs to a family whose mother, like the Old Woman who lived in a shoe, had so many children that she didn't know what to do, until she had the brilliant idea of numbering them. The girls in our picture are Number First. The Ensign didn't tell us whether they form up in squads and number off when it is breakfast-time, but we should think it would be very convenient! Say, what a laugh when they all come trooping in to Company Meeting!

The girl seated on the floor, when born, was attended by an Officer, so that when Baby was dedicated the mother had her named 'Chun Sheng,' which means 'Army Born' or 'Born in The Army.' Isn't that a nice name? Quite often you may hear the girl's mother calling down the street, 'Come and get your tea, Army Born,' or 'Army Born, I want you to borrow some chopsticks from Number Five's mother,' or something like that. Now, here is a beautiful incident about this little girl: she came to the penitential-form some time ago, and her life is so changed that they call her 'Jesus Born.'

Don't forget to pray for all who are working for the Salvation of these dear Chinese people.



International Headquarters,  
London, England.

Territorial Commander,  
Lt.-Commissioner William  
Maxwell,  
James and Albert Sts., Toronto 2

Printed for The Salvation Army in  
Canada East and Newfoundland, by The  
Salvation Army Printing House, 20  
Albert Street, Toronto 2, Ont.  
SUBSCRIPTION RATES: A copy of  
THE WAR CRY (including the special  
Easter and Christmas issues), with 22  
copies of the paper, to any address in Canada  
for twelve months for the sum of  
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All Editorial Communications should  
be addressed to the Editor.

## OFFICIAL GAZETTE

(By Authority of the General)

MARRIAGE—  
Captain Byron Purdy, out of Norwich,  
27.25, last stationed at Campbellford,  
and Captain Clara Hutchinson, out of  
Exeter, 27.25, last stationed at the  
Bloor Street Hospital, at Exeter, on  
September 25th, by Staff-Captain  
Spencer.

WILLIAM MAXWELL,  
Territorial Commander.

## The Commissioner's MOTOR CAMPAIGN

An Impression by one of the  
Campaigners

This was a very happy experience, and for many reasons. The first and best thing about the whole Campaign seemed to be that, as it worked out, it was a genuine bit of old Salvation Army fighting. An Open-air ring—eight to ten Salvationists—a moderate crowd of folks around—in some places, owing to the cutting wind, only a few—but few or many, a stirring song or two, and then in jumped the Commissioner with a good steady slogging talk—ten to fifteen minutes; and at times a solo, and so on to the end of a good, bright, hard-hitting Open-air fight.

Then the immense value of the human touch established between the Leader of The Army and quite a wide range of Field Officers and faithful Locals and Soldiers. How they enjoyed it! The little Open-air ring with the few instruments can be called typical of The Army—where and how it was started and continues. Oh, yes, to have the Territorial Commander, the Field Secretary and the Divisional Commander all engaged in this series of small meetings gave a "bond of union" feeling that will not be soon forgotten.

I hope that this experiment will be the fore-runner of many such attacks during the Summer and early Fall months. I believe it will be so; and may I be there to see.—Edgar Hoe, Lt.-Commissioner (R).

## TERRITORIAL PARS

Major and Mrs. Digwood, and their two sons — "birds of passage," en route from a furlough in England to Japan, their adopted country — broke their journey at Toronto, where the Major, who is the Field Secretary in Japan, "looked in" at the Editorial Department. We shall have more to say about our comrades and their work in a subsequent issue.

Cadet Walter Cooke was recently recalled to his home at Exeter on a very sad errand, his mother having passed away suddenly. The blow was additionally severe in that when the Cadet left for the Training Garrison, a week previously, his mother was in poor health.

He tended to the common, his cadet, and to other members of the family.

(Continued on page 12)

## "A GREEN SPOT IN THE MEMORY"

# The Commissioner

Spends a Week-End with the Sault Ste. Marie Comrades,  
and Sees Fourteen Seekers at the Mercy-Seat as a  
Result of a Strenuous Campaign

"WE HAVE had a real good day," So declared the Commissioner at the close of the Sunday night Battle for Souls in the No. 1 Citadel at Sault Ste. Marie. He spoke from the Salvationists' standpoint, of course, meaning that the day had been fruitful in spiritual blessings and in victories at the penitential-form.

And all the comrades of the two "Soo" Corps, united for the week-end campaign, quite agreed with our Leader. They had had a wonderful time and they wished such occasions could come oftener. But visits from Headquarters specials are few and far between in this northern city, which is almost at the extreme end of the Canada East Territory.

When the comrades are favored to have their Territorial Leader they certainly go in to make the most of the event. The welcome given to the Commissioner and the Officers accompanying him—Colonel Adby, Major Cameron and Major Church—was certainly of the warmest character.

They made them feel right at home from the very start, and there was no doubt about their readiness to co-operate in every way possible to make the meetings a success. An atmosphere thus seemed to be created which greatly facilitated the task of our Leader, and he enjoyed much liberty in delivering his messages to the large audiences which gathered.

This undoubtedly brought an abundant measure of blessing to God's people and much conviction to sinners, resulting in fourteen persons publicly kneeling at the mercy-seat seeking Salvation and Sanctification.

The final scene in the Sunday night meeting was a memorable one as, with faces aglow and hands uplifted, the comrades rejoiced with happy seekers who had found Christ, and all sang together, "Praise God I'm saved."

There were some dramatic moments in that meeting, as for instance when the Commissioner checked a sextette who were joyously singing, "I'm happy on a Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday," etc., and turned the song into one of tender appeal to the sinner. He had sensed that there was someone in the meeting who was on the verge of decision for Christ, and to help that one over the line he directed the singing into another

channel. As the comrades prayerfully sang, "He takes me as I am," a tall, powerfully-built man arose from the centre of the Hall and made his way to the penitential-form. The Officers from the Michigan "Soo"—Commandant and Mrs. Stamp—followed him down the aisle waving their arms aloft and shouting "Hallelujah!" He was a business man from their city it appeared, and his surrender to God meant much to the Corps there.

Adjutant and Mrs. Luxton, of No. 11 Corps, and Ensign Waters and Captain Hallam, of No. 1, were likewise happy over converts who will strengthen their fighting force.

Truly it was a good day and our Leader's visit will long be a green spot in the memories of the "Soo" comrades.

The first meeting of the week-end was held in the Stedton Town Hall, which is being used by the No. 11 Corps. This part of the city has grown up around a large steel plant, and a very thriving Army Corps is growing there also. Eight years ago it was an Outpost of No. 1 and meetings were held in an old root house, the roof of which leaked badly every time it rained. The people who attended had perforce to move their chairs around in order to dodge the rivulets. But the Army grew in spite of such handicaps and at length a store was rented as a Hall. This proving inadequate for the still growing work, the Town Hall was rented and at present is proving a very fine home for the Corps, being centrally located, roomy and attractive.

The Corps can now boast of a Band and a Songster Brigade, small it is true, but effective for Open-air work and in leading the singing. There is also a good Home League, a fine Corps Cadet Brigade and a splendid Troop of Life-Saving Guards. A Brigade of enthusiastic "War Cry" boomers is also an asset to the Corps. On the occasion of the Commissioner's visit a good crowd was present and a very profitable and helpful meeting resulted, one seeker coming forward.

Shortly after nine o'clock one Sunday morning the Salvation forces of the city were engaged in an Open-air attack. The No. 11 comrades held two meetings and then marched to

join No. 1, a united march taking place to the Citadel.

The two Bands united for the day under Bandmaster Weeks, and rendered excellent service in the Open-air and at the inside meetings.

Major Cameron, in the Holmes meeting, bade the Commissioner welcome on behalf of "the loyal, hard-working and devoted Soldiers of the 'Soo' and the warm friends who have stood by us."

Colonel Adby did signal service throughout the week-end as a soloist and Prayer-meeting leader.

The Commissioner's Holiness address caused many to search their hearts and beyond doubt strengthened the two Corps and made them better fighting units in the great war against sin. Six seekers at the Altar was the visible outcome of the working of the Spirit of God in the meeting.

In the afternoon our Leader lectured on the work of The Army, giving a number of up-to-date illustrations of what the Organization is doing in Canada in the way of winning desperate sinners and extending a helping hand to those in need. The presentation of such facts was surely a means of encouragement to Salvationists and friends, and perhaps a revelation to some of them.

In the final gathering everything was made to bend toward the supreme object of getting sinners saved. The prayer of Commandant Stamp, the solos of the Commissioner and Colonel Adby, and the selection by the Band all contained some element of warning, entreaty or invitation to those outside the Fold of God.

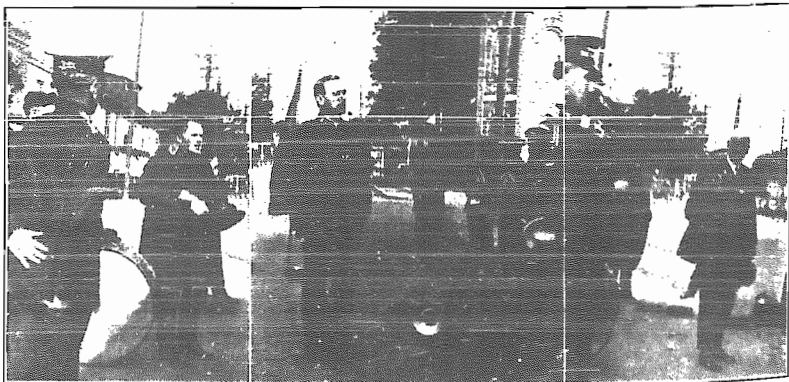
Our Leader's address was a most convincing argument for Salvation through the Blood, and an earnest appeal to sinners to give up trying to make themselves better and to come to God in the only way He has revealed.

Officers and Soldiers fought well in the Prayer-meeting and rejoiced over seven captures.

The No. 1 Corps is making progress under the leadership of Ensign Waters. During the past month a special series of Holiness meetings have been held during which eighteen seekers came forward.

Jail meetings are a feature of the work at this Corps. Three Sundays in the month services are conducted in the Jail, and many men have been converted as a result. Sergeant May is a faithful worker in this connection. The Lord saved him from drink and gambling some seven years ago, and ever since he has been telling out the glad story of redemption to all whom he can reach. He especially delights to help the prisoners.

When the passenger steamers are



of the Open-air meeting held at Palmerston, one of the places visited during the Motor Tour undertaken by the Territorial Commander in the London Division. (Left): The Commissioner speaking—he spoke in for eleven and a half hours during the Campaign; (middle): Lieut.-Commissioner Hoe having a "spelt in"; (right): the Rev. Mr. McKenzie, who extended a warm welcome to the Commissioner on behalf of the Ministerial Association



running in the Summer the No. 1 Corps has some magnificent Open-air meetings on the wharf, and the passengers seem to greatly appreciate hearing the grand old hymns played and sung.

Captain Hallian has been assisting at No. 1 for some time past. During the week-end it was announced that he is going to take charge of Chaplain Corps.

One was not allowed to forget at the "Lock City" that the grain fleet is moving. Every few minutes, day and night, the sound of steamers' sirens can be heard as the big boats loaded with wheat going down and returning with coal, signal that they want to pass through the locks.

It is very evident that the "Soo" is on the edge of a boom territory. On the morning that the Commissioner arrived in this city of 22,000 population, the local paper had a news item that a big bull moose had wandered on to the streets from the surrounding woods. And at a gas filling station on the main street three bears were attracting crowds of sightseers as they gambled about at the end of chains.

Talking about bears reminds us of a story emanating from these parts. A French-Canadian was out hunting when a pack of wolves came along. He took refuge in a tree, the centre of which was hollow. For hours he remained perched aloft while the wolves kept vigil below. When darkness came on he grew drowsy and thus lost his balance and slipped down into the interior of the tree.

Try as he would he could not get out again, and he was dismally contemplating a slow death by starvation when a bright noise above him attracted his attention. Looking up he saw that a big black bear was descending the hollow trunk. A bright idea came to him. Whipping out his knife he waited till Bruin was almost upon him and then gave a vicious upward jab, at the same time grabbing hold of the beast's fur. With a short of pain and fright the bear climbed upwards, dragging the resourceful hunter with him to safety.

Of course we don't believe all we hear, but it's a good story.

## YET ANOTHER "WAR CRY"

### East Africa Acquires its Printed Salvation Messenger

The first issue of "Sauti Ya Vita," "The War Cry" for East Africa, is now circulating.

Three periodicals bearing our famous name are now published in Africa—at Johannesburg, for South Africa; at Lagos, for the West Coast; and at Nairobi, for East Africa. Two of the "War Crys" are bilingual.

From the first number of "Sauti Ya Vita," which is printed in Ki Swahili and English, we learn that the Ki Swahili name for The Salvation Army is "Jeshi la Wokufu," and the Founder is known as "Mwanamuziki."

## Further Territorial Changes

### COMMISSIONER VAN DER WERKEN to Leave Her Command COMMISSIONER HOWARD to Proceed to Switzerland

We regret to have to announce that Commissioner van der Werken, the Territorial Commander for Switzerland, has broken down in health, and has been compelled to ask the General to relieve her of the Command. The Commissioner has for the past three or four months been fighting against indifferent health, hoping that change and rest would restore her sufficiently to permit of her retaining the charge of our Work in Switzerland, to which country and people she had become greatly attached, but her hopes have, unfortunately, not been realized.

In view of the vacancy thus unexpectedly created the General has decided to make a change in the appointments announced a few weeks ago, and has instructed Commissioner Howard, who had received his appointment as Territorial Commander for Denmark, to proceed to Switzerland in succession to Commissioner van der Werken.

We hope to be able to announce the name of the new Territorial Commander for Denmark in an early issue.

## "All His Weight on the Side of Right"

### JOHN R. ROBINSON, Distinguished Editor,

### A Great Force for Public Good, and a Warm Friend of The Army, Passes Away

CANADA in general, and Toronto in particular suffered a very serious loss a few days ago when John R. Robinson passed to the great beyond.

As Editor of "The Evening Telegram" Mr. Robinson had been an outstanding figure in the life of the city during forty-five years and was always to be depended on to throw all his weight on the side of right as he saw it, and to fearlessly fight against wrong in any form.

While his ability in his chosen sphere of labor was unquestioned, it is significant that the tributes which were paid to his memory by men in all walks of life were principally tributes to his sterling character and the fineness of his spiritual life.

He was a staunch member of the Presbyterian Church, but The Army had far more outspoken admirers, and his paper repeatedly eulogized numerous phases of our work as circumstances have brought them to public notice.

Just over two years ago he delivered a notable address at the Toronto Temple, on a Sunday afternoon. Many who heard him on that occasion will recall with pleasure his kind words about The Army's work and the definite way in which he declared his faith in the Bible as the Word of God and the basis of Christian character. Coming from a man standing so high in his profession these words were particularly gratifying.

"I would rather believe in the inerrancy of the Scriptures than in the inerrancy of the learned gentlemen who go into pulpits and there preach the doubts of scholarship instead of the certainties of faith.

"The miracle that brought Jonah alive out of the interior of the whale was no greater than the miracle The Salvation Army worked in the city of Guelph. I finished my apprenticeship to the printing trade and left the 'Guelph Mercury' office in 1881. I went back from my work as a reporter on the staff of 'The Telegram' in 1884. In the years of my absence from Guelph, The Salvation Army had come to that city. I sat in The Sal-

vation Army Citadel on Sunday morning and witnessed the glory of a miracle. The Salvation Army had come to Guelph and with the might of its faith had taken hold of a lot of abject human ruins and turned them into divine resurrection. The Army had proved the Master's power to work miracles in the lives of the loafers, the profligate, and the drunkard. The faith that brought the early converts of The Salvation Army in Guelph out of the dark places of their own lost and fallen lives need not worry as to how and whether Jonah was brought out from the recesses of the whale's interior."

And again "The Salvation Army does not specialize in attempts to explain the origins of Christian faith. The Salvation Army does specialize in efforts to employ the energies of



The late John R. Robinson, Editor of "The Toronto Evening Telegram"

Christian faith. We are told that it is a proof of inferior intelligence to believe in miracles. The most difficult of all miracles to believe in is the miracle of faith in the infallibility of professors who question miracles."

Many tributes have been paid to Mr. Robinson by his confreres in public and private life. Magistrate R. J. Browne spoke as follows from the bench of the Police Court:

"His life was a sweet one, his nature gentle, loving, honest and with kindly feeling toward all. Such is the man we have lost. Peaceful and quietly his soul crossed the Great Divide to spend its time in eternity.

"But let us not forget the character he has left behind him, and let us to some extent try to emulate his kindly and benevolent attitude toward other men.

"Canada is poorer, and the British Empire is poorer, because John R. Robinson has passed from our midst."

Mr. T. L. Church, M.P., says: "He was a great Canadian, a true British imperialist, and the most kind-hearted man I ever met. To John Robinson Toronto owes a debt of gratitude that never can be paid. His splendid labors were directed to its betterment."

The Army joins with a multitude of others throughout the Dominion in sorrow for his passing and in sympathy for those who mourn his loss.

## A COLORFUL DAY

### THE CHIEF SECRETARY

### Spends a Busy Sunday Conducting Meetings at Hostel, Prison, and Army Corps

Sunday, September 30th, was a busy day for the Chief Secretary. In the morning he conducted a special meeting at the Sherbourne Street Hostel, the afternoon was spent at the clay plant at Mimico, and the evening found him leading a Salvation battle at Lippincott.

During the Summer months the monthly meetings at the Hostel have been discontinued, and on Sunday morning the opening gun was fired of the Fall and Winter campaign.

Colonel Morehen, the Men's Social Secretary, conducted the preliminaries in his usual breezy fashion, and his efforts to create a helpful atmosphere for the Chief Secretary's address were worthily seconded by all present. Major McElhiney prayed, Mrs. Morehen lined out a song, Captain Broom and Field-Major Sheard each sang a very acceptable solo, Captain Evenden manipulated a portable organ, three performers on brass instruments helped greatly, and an audience which practically filled the roomy place of meeting sang as heartily as any leader could wish.

### New Comrades Welcomed

A warm welcome was extended to several Officers who have been appointed to Social positions in the city since the last meeting. Lieutenant Mason, and Commandants Buntton, Beercoff and Millar acknowledged the good wishes of their comrades and unanimously expressed their determination to seek the souls of men in their new appointments.

The Colonel's address on some of the Apostle Paul's experiences was practical and helpful, and that those present appreciated it deeply was evidenced by their close attention and hearty responses.

At Mimico the inmates of the Institution appreciated the Colonel's presence and address, and when Colonel Morehen gave the invitation seven men raised their hands expressing their determination to live for God.

### Fighting Spirit in Evidence

Fighting comrades have secured the use of a church for their meetings pending the erection of their new Citadel. For the Chief Secretary's meeting on Sunday night the building was crowded to the doors with an audience all aglow with enthusiasm. Those who are familiar with the Corps are delighted with the number of new comrades who are taking their stand, and with the splendid fighting spirit in evidence everywhere.

Ensign Ellis conducted the Harvest Festival altar service, and there was a most gratifying response. The Ensign has good reasons for the optimism he feels about reaching the Corps target.

The singing of "We plough the fields" by the Songsters was most appropriate and drew favorable comment from the Colonel. Commandant Hurd, who is helping with the financial part of the building program of the Corps, was called upon and gave a very definite testimony to God's saving grace in his own life.

After a congregational song the Chief Secretary gave a Bible address and urged the sinners to accept Christ. Argument, illustration and appeal were blended in a way that found a response when three seekers were found at the mercy-seat.

The Prayer-meeting was a delight to every lover of souls present. The comrades stayed to the faith, and prayed, and sang with a wholeheartedness which delighted their leaders and well deserved the joy which was theirs when their prayers were answered.



# Our Musical Fraternity



## NINE POINTS THAT GO TO MAKE AN EFFICIENT CORPS BAND

By Bandmaster W. N. Goodier, Montreal

### 1. Material.

(a) The men should be spiritually and musically fitted—not necessarily stars. Always have a recruiting class.

(b) The instrumentation. Use the same make of instrument as far as possible; well balanced in distribution. Aim at the nucleus of at least twenty to include the following parts: 1 Eb soprano, 2 solo, 1 first and 1 second Bb cornets; 1 Eb flugel horn; 1 solo, 1 first and 1 second Eb horns;

The preliminaries over, Captain Oil, who was acting as chairman of the Songster festival, stepped forward to introduce Songster Leader X. Queses and the Muddlethrough Songster Brigade.

"Give them a little encouragement," said he. We did! It was the Brigade's first visit to us, and we would show them what a friendly lot of folk we were.

The applause dying out, "Now, friends," announced the chairman, "the first item is to be a vocal march. A little more encouragement!" We again readily gave it, during which time Brother X. Queses was seen shaking his head vigorously at Captain Oil, and we caught one or two words like, "Thought I told you."

"Oh! sorry, friends," said the chairman, smiling. "The Songster Leader tells me the program's altered. It's to be 'Anchored' instead."

When the following item was announced, Brother X. Queses, strangely enough, faced the audience instead of the Brigade, as he wished to ask that we would "bear with the Brigade," as the piece had only been practised once, and some were not quite sure of it. But they would do their best!

At the conclusion of the item we thought how good it was of the dear fellow to have given us this warning beforehand. "Very thoughtful of him," we whispered.

We found ourselves alert when it was announced that, "the next is a solo, 'Lost,' by Sister Polman Needer. There was some commotion of some kind going on around the place where the soloist was sitting. Something was missing apparently; she looked in her music case, then under the seat and glanced somewhat suspiciously at those near her. Then, turning a flushed face to the Songster Leader, she whispered, "Left it behind! awfully sorry!" The solo was indeed "Lost."

### Brother X. Queses

Brother X. Queses looked angry, but hastily donning an artificial smile, he announced, "Dear friends, our comrade has unfortunately forgotten the music, so—"turning to the chairman—"we'll have to miss that."

Captain Oil, apt at smoothing the troubled waters, which was attended by Brother X. Queses suggested singing the chorus, "I love Him better every day," while the Songsters got the next piece ready.

Following this chorus, sung four times, the chairman announced that the next item was to be a Brigade piece, called, "Be in time." The conductor raised his baton, the Brigade prepared their vocal organs when suddenly Brother X. Queses wheeled round. "Dear comrades, I ought to explain that this is a very difficult piece, and my star tenor and two

leading sopranos haven't yet arrived; I really feel, therefore, that I must again ask you to bear with us, and we'll struggle through somehow."

Having borne with him once already, we somehow felt less sure of being able to bear any more. Still, we would be charitable.

The missing stars appeared half-way through, and coming to the aid of their much-disturbed Songster Leader, helped the Brigade to weather the storm with "Be in time."

We had all been waiting for item five on the program—a vocal quartet from the work of a Glee Master. Coming forward, the comrades were at some pains to take up their right positions, share out the music, and obtain the correct pitch; during which time Brother X. Queses, being "sorry for the delay," suggested we "should sing the ever-ready, 'I love Him better every day.'"

At last, the quartet. Strangely enough, two of the singers had exchanged parts by some mishap, and Sister Shril discovered something wrong with the bass part, while Brother Deeps could hardly be expected to negotiate a top G.

### Captain Oil

But Good Captain Oil, with unexampled forbearance and charity, reminded us that "accidents, of course, will happen," after which the quartet got well away.

"After the next item," then announced the chairman, "we'll have the collection," I glanced at my cap and my little son sitting next to me.

The piece which followed was announced as a recitation, entitled, "Beautiful Home." It may have been merely a coincidence, but the same thought had been running through my mind. Songster Stopotnik, after giving good promise suddenly stammered, repeated her last clause, and came to a gentle halt.

Brother X. Queses was on his feet at once, telling us that it was "only right" that he should say that "the good sister had only commenced learning the recitation last night, and had been at work all day," etc., etc. Prompted by our good Captain Oil, Songster Stopotnik finished her "Beautiful Home."

Captain Oil, again ready to make the best of things, abounding with charity and patience, commenced the applause, and then announced the collection! I picked up my cap and seized my son's hand. Somehow, I felt a persuasion that, after all, sonny had better not wait till the end—too late for small boys, perhaps—I also was a bit hasty.

"Come on, sonny," I said; "we must go." I seemed to fancy the boy came rather willingly.—B.C.

## MONCTON MUSICIANS CHEER SUSSEX

### Drummer's Striking Testimony

The town of Sussex was stirred and blessed by the recent visit of Moncton Band (Bandmaster, Deedman) and Solo Voice Party (Leader, Deputy Bandmaster, Greenfield). The Band entered the fifty miles, arriving for the first time, for a splendid supper by a large and interested crowd. Two Bandmen, trophies of grace, testified to the saving and healing power of Drummer Cook related an incident of a previous visit to the town, when playing with an outside band, for a came, an intoxicated that he actually did not know when he left the town. Now, he pointed out, he has a peaceful mind, a clear head and the knowledge of something done for the Master. On Sunday morning, every Bandman was at Kneel-drill, asking God's blessing on the day's work. Commandant

Speller gave the address in the Holiness meeting in the afternoon a special program of music and song was given to a large crowd at the Athletic Field. A short Open-air preceded the night meeting, held in the Opera House, which was filled to capacity. Captain Speller gave a direct Salvation message. Thirty-five per cent of the town's population was present to hear the Band for the last time.

## TORONTO TEMPLE BAND At Hamilton I

During the week-end of September 22-23rd, the Toronto Temple Band paid a visit to Hamilton I. The visitors arrived in time for a splendid supper, which the Songsters had provided, and to which both the Temple and the Hamilton I Bandmen had full justice. Words of welcome were spoken by Commandant Elsworth and Bandmaster Walno, of the local Corps, while Adjutant McElin, of the Temple, called

## A COMPANION TUNE INDEX

Showing the Number and First Line of the Songs The Army Song Book, and the Number of its Companion Tune, or tunes, in the New Band Tune Book

N.B.—Fresh settings and new tunes are marked thus (\*).

| Song                        | Tune Book |     |
|-----------------------------|-----------|-----|
| Heaven                      | ...       | ... |
| 625 I know there's a...     | ...       | ... |
| 626 I have given up all...  | ...       | ... |
| 627 I am sweeping...        | ...       | ... |
| 628 A home in Heaven...     | ...       | ... |
| 629 Beautiful land...       | ...       | ... |
| 630 I no longer fear...     | ...       | ... |
| 631 Come, sing to me...     | ...       | ... |
| 632 Earth has many a...     | ...       | ... |
| 633 I'm but a stranger...   | ...       | ... |
| 634 I have a home that...   | ...       | ... |
| 635 How happy every...      | ...       | ... |
| 637 War, peak the...        | ...       | ... |
| 639 One sweetly...          | ...       | ... |
| 642 There is a land of...   | ...       | ... |
| 643 Shall we sing in...     | ...       | ... |
| 644 Oh, when shall...       | ...       | ... |
| 647 Who are those...        | ...       | ... |
| 648 We have a home...       | ...       | ... |
| 651 Oh, when shall...       | ...       | ... |
| 652 Upon the river...       | ...       | ... |
| 655 Oh, what hath...        | ...       | ... |
| 656 Over with the...        | ...       | ... |
| 658 Give me the wings...    | ...       | ... |
| 660 Who, who are...         | ...       | ... |
| 662 Jesus Christ gives...   | ...       | ... |
| 664 When we gather at...    | ...       | ... |
| 665 Jerusalem, my...        | ...       | ... |
| 666 It's true, there's a... | ...       | ... |
| 667 Above the waves...      | ...       | ... |
| 668 There's a land that...  | ...       | ... |
| 669 My days are glad...     | ...       | ... |
| 670 We are saved by...      | ...       | ... |
| 672 In the soldier's...     | ...       | ... |
| 674 There is a better...    | ...       | ... |
| 675 Heavens, I've...        | ...       | ... |
| 676 Loved ones have...      | ...       | ... |

### Comfort and Guidance

|                           |     |     |
|---------------------------|-----|-----|
| 677 My rest is in...      | ... | ... |
| 678 Begone, sorrow...     | ... | ... |
| 680 How do thy mercies... | ... | ... |
| 681 Commend them all...   | ... | ... |
| 682 Precious promise...   | ... | ... |
| 683 Joyous morn...        | ... | ... |
| 684 Away my needles...    | ... | ... |
| 685 In seasons of...      | ... | ... |

(To be continued)

upon Bandmaster Hanagan to reply on behalf of the speaking Band. The large and late time for fraternization and greeting of old friends and comrades, then to the fray. A last Open-air meeting was given by a splendid program inside. Controller Dr. Bell, on behalf of the Mayor and City Council, during the ceremony, presented a letter of appreciation to the Temple Band. Lieutenant Anderson, Bandmaster of the 13th Regimental Band, presented a letter of appreciation of the splendid rendition of the various items, and the high quality of the music played by Army Bands.

On Sunday morning the Band marched to the City Hospital to bless and cheer the sufferers. In the Holiness meeting Band-Sergeant Hotchkiss read the faithful lesson, and Adjutant McElin gave an earnest address on God's faithfulness and man's unfaithfulness. The Band gave a splendid rendition of the "Attonement" selection, and at its close an ex-Bandman in deep distress of soul, sought and found the peace which he had longed for.

A United Open-air, in the afternoon, was followed by another Open-air, which gave great attention to the various items. The Band again came up to the aid of the speaker, and a splendid program preceded the night meeting. The Hall was again filled, extra seats were placed in the aisles, and every effort was made to accommodate the crowd. Songster Fred Jones, in his testifying episode, declared that he was a big evangelist. Brother Jaker gave an earnest message. The Band played several pieces, including the Prayer-song, and a touching and inspiring. Songster Mr. Munn, with her voice raised, sang "I will praise thee, O Lord, my King," accompanied with organ, during the week-end.—J. B. Wignall.

(Continued from column 1)

9. Prayer. Last, but anything but least, the Band should be a special object of prayer with every member. Private spiritual meetings should be held at regular intervals. It will pay, and understandings will dissolve and a spirit of concord will reign!



Bandmaster Goodier

1 first and 1 second Bb baritone; 1 Bb euphonium, 1 first and 1 second Bb tenor, also 1 G bass trombone; 2 Eb and 1 BB monster bass; 1 side and 1 bass drum. These parts can later be augmented with judicious regard to proper balance.

### 2. Local Officers.

A bandmaster, and a deputy bandmaster, secretary and sergeant should be appointed, each with duties and responsibilities recognized by regulations. The bandmaster especially should have the confidence and must have the support of every man.

### 3. Practice.

Individual daily practice is absolutely essential, but does not take the place of the full band rehearsal, which has its own purpose is ensemble effectiveness.

### 4. Purpose.

Recognize the importance of the mission of a Salvation Army Band. Principle must never be sacrificed to the desires of star performers.

### 5. Spirit.

An "esprit de corps" should always exist. Have faith and a reasonable pride in "your" band and do nothing to bring it into disrepute.

### 6. Vision.

Never remain satisfied in achievement. Always seek to improve till good becomes better and better best! God's service should have our best.

### 7. Uniform.

Full uniform at all engagements. 8. Department. Every man should always be on his guard, making sure that his conduct and general bearing reflect the Christian.

(Continued at foot of column 4)

# A SURVEY OF CURRENT THOUGHT AND EVENTS

THESE ARE GOOD DAYS,  
TOO!

THE "GOOD OLD DAYS" which we sometimes hear of were not so good as some would have us believe, according to a writer in "The Woman's Journal." The women did a lot of canning, baking, general cleaning, but had tremendous difficulty in catching up with appetites and dust. Now most of the household chores are either done away with or made considerably easier by man's inventive genius, and woman has more leisure.

To quote from the article: "There was just as much evil among a given number of persons fifty years ago as there is now among the same number of persons. I do not shut my eyes to present iniquities. But there have always been physical and moral evils. No new sins have been invented. But we used to try to conceal ugliness under showers of rose-leaves and banish the stench of decay by the use of perfumes. Now we turn the merciless daylight upon plague-spots in order that we may dig them out or burn them out."

"Half a century ago people dwelt too much in the dark—actually and metaphorically," says Mrs. Van de Water. "Consider how sunlight was excluded from rooms. Remember how the small child's face was shaded or covered with a veil lest a ray of sunshine touch the tender eyes."

"As to other kinds of darkness, if one does not remember forty or fifty years back, one does not know the meaning of the conventional so-called 'period of mourning.' In the home into which death had entered every window-blind was lowered for weeks the mourners went about draped in crepe and bombazine. A

## Laying a Trans-Atlantic Cable

A Difficult and Dangerous Task, Calling for Expert Handling and Unflinching Courage

THAT THE profession of the cable engineer—who is responsible for the laying and maintaining of the deep-sea cables which unite the continents—is not overcrowded is not to be wondered at when one considers the scientific knowledge, expert seamanship and personal stamina and courage necessary for the task.

Coiled in the circular tanks of a specially constructed vessel, the total length of a trans-Atlantic cable will weigh between six and seven thousand tons; a copper-cored, iron-banded snake of a thing about twice as large as the ordinary garden hose in circumference and some three thousand miles long. To lay this smoothly and evenly along the bottom of the ocean from America to England is no simple task.

### Perilous Task

Last year, when the latest trans-Atlantic cable was laid from Rockaway Beach, the cable-ship "Colonia" steamed in as close as possible to the breakers and sent the shore end of the cable to land, buoyed up on barrels and ultimately dragged in by a motor truck with a winch. Then slowly the ship got under weigh, headed due east for the Azores.

Out from its deep tank, soaked and slimy, the cables began slowly to uncoil. In those tanks, which are kept always wet to keep down the temperature, the cable has originally been coiled flake upon flake with the greatest care, in order that no possible snarl or kink may cause a rupture of the endless rope and imperil

in submarine valleys forever invisible to the eye of man, strange swift-running deep-sea currents may at any moment cause this strain to increase instantly, drawing the dragging cable taut and causing it to hum and vibrate threateningly.

Here is a situation where expert handling is necessary, and unflinching courage as well. Perhaps you have seen a boat's hawser snap, smashing everything within its arc in its ferocity of recoil. Imagine then the damage that may be effected by the snapping of a solid metal cable drawn tight for perhaps fifteen miles of its length!

### Death Ever Threatening

Nor can the condition be immediately relieved by slackening off. To back up on the cable means almost surely that somewhere deep down there in the darkness the light will kindle up and break itself. Then all the work will have to be done over—a matter of a million dollars maybe. No, the cable-ship, whatever the tension upon the line, must always go ahead, slowly but steadily. And, while death threatens at every instant, every man of the fifteen or twenty along the length of the cable from forward tank to aft-raft sheave must stand to his post.

If the cable breaks—as sometimes it must—flag-draped coffins will slip down into the deep, while the survivors of the crew stand silent.

But no sooner is the funeral finished than the ship must put about, grapnels swinging to pick up the lost line from the slime of the ocean's bed. Somehow, some time those trailing hooks must catch on the lost line of the cable, drag it up to the surface and aboard ship. There it will be quickly spliced on to the coils still aboard; and once more the laying will continue, so that communication between the two worlds may be secure and uninterrupted.

## WOMEN SMOKERS

JACK MINER, Canada's noted naturalist, has the following interesting comment to make on women smokers:

"The other morning, while on the train en route from a lecture tour in New York City and Boston, Mass., while waiting for my breakfast to be served, a morning newspaper was handed me which, on the front page



A picturesque sightseer. "Big White Horse Eagle," the 107-year-old Indian Chief, seeing the sights of London. His previous visit to England was in 1887

in capital letters, bore these words: 'Henry Ford Hospital Nurses Discharged for Smoking Cigarets.' I then thought of several requests I have had to put in print the impressions I had of Mr. Ford. I say this alone shows you the calibre of Mr. Henry Ford and his interest in the moral side of life and in the born and unborn generations, and this fact, connected with the character of Mr. Henry Ford, will go down in history.

"If more men will take Mr. Ford's example and have a backbone instead of a wishbone, it will help slow this world up a bit, and children a century from now will have healthy reasons to thank him. So many men ask me why I am so opposed to women smoking, and in reply say: 'The biggest asset the world has is its babies, and the hope of the world for permanent peace is more love and education among its babies, and who will profit by the mistakes of their forefathers, but what a pitiful thing if these babies' growth, intellectually and morally, is going to be stunted through the motherhood of the land smoking cigarettes months before they are born.'"

(Continued from column 1)  
some one emits a wail at the lack of spirituality of the age. People do pay less attention to creed and dogma than they did when I was a youngster. But I doubt if there was ever an era in which people in general lived religion more than they do now in helping the unfortunate and oppressed.

"Those of us who are no longer young have a tendency to sentimentalize. We get a sort of inverted pleasure in lamenting the past and belittling the present.

"Which brings me back to the statement with which I began this protest. The fifty-year-old period may have been the good old days! But in this year of grace, 1928, these are the good old days!"



The "Young Ambassadors" examining a truck-load of gold quartz at the Hollings Gold Mines, at Timmins. These young scholars qualified by competitive examination in England for a free tour of Canada under the auspices of some of the leading newspapers of the Old Land

which remained secluded in her home for months—sometimes for two years—emerging only for necessary exercise or to attend church. In the presence of the great liberator, Death, people behaved more like pagans than like the Christians they were supposed to be. Every little while

(Continued at foot of column 4)

the lives of many men. The cable runs out from the tank over greased rollers, around a giant brake, or drum, and thence is dropped over sheaves into the sea, the strain on the cable being constantly from four to five tons. And this strain is unrelenting day and night for perhaps two whole weeks at a time. Unsuspected depths

## WHERE IT IS REAL COLD

THE LATEST annual report of the activities of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police contains some terse but vivid tales of the enormous hardships faced by these brave men in carrying out their duties in Arctic wastes.

In his 900-mile patrol from Pond's Inlet, at the northern end of Baffin Island, to Fury and Hecla Strait, Inspector C. E. Wilcox met a five-day blizzard so severe that for two days he was unable to leave the ice on which the Eskimos had constructed. It was so cold that the kerosene froze and had to be thawed out by the native oil lamps. On one occasion he climbed a frozen waterfall.

In August, 1927, Constable E. Anstead, noted an inch of ice on the sea at Barbe Peninsula, the most northerly post, which is only a few hundred miles from the North Pole. A glacier, moving at the rate of ten feet a year, had almost blocked the pass from Flager Fjord to Grethas Bay Fjord on the west coast when Constable Anstead made his 850-mile patrol in March and April, 1928. Despite the alarm of the Eskimos he managed to squeeze through the narrow opening between the foot of the glacier and the cliff. Although the temperature was thirty degrees below zero, Constable Anstead states that the men were bathed in perspiration.

## "TILL DEATH US DO PART"

## The Commissioner

Conducts the Wedding of "Two Well-Loved Comrades" at West Toronto

The wedding of Robert Albert Wilkins and Songster May Petrie at West Toronto, on the evening of Thursday, September 27th, had many of the features of a reunion.

A surprisingly large number of old Soldiers of the Corps, who are now attached to other Corps in the city, were present to do honor to two well-loved comrades, and the ceremony was conducted by the Commissioner, who told how the bride's father and mother had grown up with him as Juniors together in the old Corps at Dundee. He remarked that he was conducting the wedding not as the Commissioner of the Territory, but as an old friend of the family.

The Citadel was appropriately decorated, and crowded to the doors with comrades and friends of the contracting parties. After the opening song, Mrs. Lt.-Commissioner Maxwell bestowed the blessing of God on the union about to be consummated and on all the future of the Young People who were joining hearts and hands.

The Commissioner read a portion of Scripture and proceeded immediately with the ceremony which was conducted with the seriousness and solemnity befitting such a vital contract. While there was plenty of brightness and happiness in evidence, not one was asked to forget the fact that the Army considers marriage vows of eternal importance.

After the happy couple had been pronounced man and wife, the Songsters sang very effectively and Lieut. Colonel Parry extended the good wishes of the Corps. Particularly interesting was the reading of a message of love sent by wireless from relatives in far away Dundee.

The Commissioner found it difficult to close the meeting, no less than three attempts being frustrated by requests to which he felt constrained to accede. First the bride's Company of Juniors (a charming group of young girls) came to the platform and formally extended their congratulations; then a similar privilege was accorded the Songsters, and Young People's Workers, the bride having been active in both these branches of the Corps; and finally the bride's mother requested that the Commissioner and Mrs. Maxwell sing a duet, which was duly undertaken and evidently appreciated by the audience.

After the Benediction had been pronounced friends crowded to the platform to extend congratulations, while others waited at the door and expressed their good wishes in hearty manner as Brother and Sister Wilkins drove off to begin their life of united service for God and their fellows.

# Alleged Murderer Makes a Confession to Salvation Army Officer

## Officer's Refusal to Betray Confidence is Commended

THE FOLLOWING Canadian Press Despatch appeared in a number of newspapers throughout the country. The Officer referred to is Adjutant Sturthard Stewart, is District Social Officer at Edmonton. The despatch read in part as follows: Edmonton, September 27.—Although the trial of Vernon Booher for the quadruple murder at Mannville on July 9th has already been probably the most sensational ever held in an Alberta court, the greatest dramatic moment was reserved to-day when Adjutant Stewart, of The Salvation

"He did not explain further."

The following is quotation from an Editorial in "The Globe," Toronto, in which the action of The Army's representative is commended:

"The attitude taken by The Salvation Army Officer in this particular case was unquestionably right, even in face of the decision of the presiding Judge. The conditions under which he had received the confession of the young man would have made the betrayal of his confidence an act of the deepest treachery and perfidy."

## THE COMMISSIONER'S APPOINTMENTS

(FOR CONGRESS ENGAGEMENTS SEE PAGE 16)

FLORÉNCÉ—Thursday, November 1.

SYDNEY MINES—Friday, November 2.

WHITNEY PIER—Saturday, November 3.

GLACE BAY—Sunday, November 4 (Corps Anniversaries).

Army refused to divulge confessions made to him by the accused although he had been ordered to do so by Chief Justice Simmons.

"Judas betrayed his Master and if I betray this boy I will also betray my Master," Adjutant Stewart solemnly declared.

Vernon Booher suddenly summoned his counsel, Neil D. Maclean, K.C. A few whispered words passed, while the tension increased, then Mr. Maclean walked forward to the bar.

"My Lord, the accused desires Adjutant Stewart to give the required evidence."

Briefly and clearly Adjutant Stewart told of what passed between himself and the accused. "I visited Vernon Booher at Fort Saskatchewan in the capacity of a spiritual adviser. I told him that no matter what the courts of this world might decide as to his innocence or guilt he had still his God to trust."

"You have read what the papers have said about the deed?" Booher asked me. I replied that I had.

"Looking straight into my eyes, he asked: 'Do you think God can forgive me for my deed?'"

"I replied that any sinner will be forgiven if he truly repents."

"What was the deed?" demanded Crown Prosecutor Cogswell.

and have rendered the betrayer unfit for his office. This does not mean that Chief Justice Simmons was wrong in his interpretation of the law when he stated that 'the best judicial opinion in England was that the interests of the public were paramount, and that a spiritual confessor cannot refuse to disclose what has been confessed to him.' It simply means that there is a law higher than that of man which must be obeyed, and a responsibility, in this case, at least, that the Officer owed to God which made any disclosure impossible. Until the accused man gave his consent, his confession was inviolable in the heart of the Officer.

"It may be an interesting speculation as to what would have happened had the prisoner refused permission for his statement to be revealed. While technically the Officer might have been committed for contempt of court, it would not have altered his responsibility, and probably would not have opened his lips. Adjutant Stewart simply did his duty as a minister of God. In refusing to violate the trust committed to him he might have said, with Luther: 'Here I stand. God help me, I can do no other.'"

## TERRITORIAL PARS

(Continued from page 8).

Ensign and Mrs. Gordon MacGillivray, who for the past four years have been attached to the Immigration Department, have been transferred to the United States, Southern Territory, where the Ensign will take up duties in the Pioneer Department at the Alberta Territorial Headquarters. Our comrades were scheduled to leave Toronto on Friday, September 28th. We bid them God-speed, and trust that they may have continued success among our southern comrades.

We are pleased to learn that Commandant Woolfery, who has been held aside with a serious illness for some weeks, is improving. Prayers on his behalf would be appreciated.

The Waterloo Band will be visiting Toronto on Thursday night, for the Waterloo Thanksgiving weekend of November 1st-11th, and will give a program in the Toronto Temple on the Sunday night.

Colonel Thomas Martin, of Chicago, conducted services at Ottawa 1 on Sunday, September 23rd.

Colonel Noble represented The Salvation Army at the funeral of Toronto's late City Clerk, W. A. Littlejohn.

The tender for the Chatham Citadel has been let and construction will proceed immediately.

## COLONEL ADBY CONDUCTS HARVEST FESTIVAL CELEBRATIONS AT LONDON I

We have been favored this weekend with a visit from Colonel Adby, the Young People's Secretary. Splendid crowds attended all the services. The display of the platform was nicely decorated for the occasion with a good display of fruit, vegetables and flowers.

The Colonel's addresses were very appropriate for the weekend.

In the morning meeting the Male Octette sang very feelingly "Teach us to pray." The afternoon meeting was a real Harvest Thanksgiving and Praise meeting. Special music and singing had been arranged for this. At night a splendid address greeted the Colonel who dwelt very strongly upon the importance of everyone present considering their obligation, and paying their vows to God. Special music and singing by the Band, Songsters, and the Male Octette, under their respective leaders, was much appreciated. One backslider sought forgiveness at the night meeting.

In addition to all the public gatherings the Colonel dedicated the baby of Bandsman and Mrs. Kerswell, also visiting the Directory Class in the morning and the Young People's meeting in the afternoon.

On Monday night the Citadel Band gave a short program, after which Brother Frank Smith, auctioneer, the fruit, etc., which realized a neat sum. It should be mentioned that Mother Ward, our veteran Publications Sergeant, also had a table laden down with goods for which she was responsible. This was to enable her to do her share as in former years towards the effort.

## CADETS WELCOMED

### To Training Corps

The "Centenary Session" of Cadets have been introduced to the various Toronto Corps where they will receive Field Training and Judging by the regular officers. They have a long start toward becoming Officers worthy of the name they bear.

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Saunders were in charge of the day's fighting at Lippincott and the Corps Officers and Soldiers cooperated with them and the Cadets to make it a memorable day for all. Ensign Ellis reminded them they have now been at Lippincott and he is evidently eager to help the Cadets realize their ideals as far as possible.

At Lansing, Brigadier and Mrs. Barrows and Captain Turner conducted the meetings, and the Cadets were warmly welcomed, and were able to be of very real assistance throughout the day, especially in the Company Meeting and at the night Open-air, when children from all over the district gathered to hear and enjoy the Cadets' singing and testimonials.

The Rhodes Avenue Brigade have adopted the name of "The Fletch Prophets" and during their welcome Sunday they spared no efforts to prove that the title is a suitable one. In the Open-air and indoors they prayed and worked wholeheartedly. A request that the Little Band play a hymn of their own was made, and a sick man was visited and prayed with by the invalid. An aged couple were so interested in one of the Cadets' Open-airs that they followed to the Hall and enjoyed the meeting. Staff-Captain Ham was the leader of the meetings and his messages were much appreciated by all.

Captain Loring and Lieutenant Flett of the Training Garrison Staff, led the meetings at Greenwood and here also the new Cadets were warmly welcomed. A strenuous campaign against sin was waged all day and the Cadets were greatly encouraged.

greatly blessed themselves and were made of much blessing to the people.

## Short But Good

SAINT JOHN IV (Captain Beech, Lieutenant Huston). On Sunday night, September 23rd, the Salvation meeting was conducted by Mrs. Major Kendall and Mrs. Staff-Captain Cresswell. The blessing of God was upon our meeting, and ONE precious soul sought Salvation.

## Helpers from Training Garrison

EAST TORONTO (Commandant and Mrs. Rayner).—We were delighted to have with us for a recent Sunday Major Bayes, Captain MacGillivray and a Brigade of Cadets from the Training Garrison. The meetings of the day were well attended and were full of blessing and help. THREE souls surrendered to God.

## Welcome Visitors

HALIFAXTON Captain Wright, Lieutenant Waywell. Recently we had with us for the well-attended services, Treasurer and Mrs. Hollowell, of Bayview Avenue, Toronto. A fine crowd listened to the Saturday Open-air, and good crowds attended Sunday services despite the inclement weather. Mrs. Hollowell attended the Company Meeting in the afternoon and assisted the Treasurer throughout. We have been having Friday night Holiness services.

most instructive. We are looking forward to, and believing for, a winter of soul-saving.—Roley.

## CHALLENGE OF THE EAST

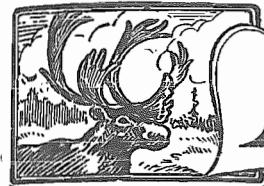
(Continued from page 6)

is to me, of course, of vital importance, and consider that to-day the great speed revolutionism is making the world a very small place. In the next decade this will be a still more obvious fact. The heathen and savage peoples of the earth will become the near neighbors of the more civilized nations. And what then? Unless the missionaries and others are faithful to God's plan for them, and leave the dire conditions of depravity and superstition with the uplifting force of regeneration through Jesus Christ, shall not all the nations be infected with the lowest ideals of life, and Duncan—Mr. Voorhuis—will not the world then become a very dangerous place to live in?

Voorhuis' heart jumped, then beat frantically as The Army Officer slipped on his name, and Evans, who in her private thoughts had come to the name of Duncan rather than Mr. Voorhuis, a deep crimson, and her vision averted to an end.

(To be continued)





## JOTTINGS FROM THE HUB

Nineteen Cadets are at present in the Training Garrison, with seven more due to arrive. Of these, six will be trained as Teachers as well as Officers. Staff-Captain Bracey will be the Principal, and Captain A. Barter, Women's Side Officer, and Captain O. Rideout on the Men's Wing. Captain E. Brown will be the Garrison House Officer.

Extensive and much-needed repairs to the Men's Training Garrison were undertaken while the Sub-Territorial Commander and Staff were away on tour. Arrangements were in the hands of Major Sainsbury, and the work pro-

SUB - TERRITORIAL COMMANDER - **Lieut-Colonel Dickerson** SPRINGDALE STREET, ST. JOHN'S

## Campaigning in the Notre Dame Bay District

Sub-Territorial Commander and Staff Visit Interesting District and Make Gratifying Discoveries

**C**ONTINUING the Campaign in the Notre Dame Bay District, the first party of which was reported in our last issue, Lt.-Colonel Dickerson, with Major Walton and Staff-Captain Cornick, visited Sampson's Island.

The run from Bridgeport to Sampson's Island was very stormy. The sea was quite rough and all the spray and sea was not under the "Bramwell Booth," as she pitched into a head wind. The party stood it well, and safely arrived at Sampson's Island. Here Lieutenant Ernest Batten showed the visitors around, and the Colonel and Major discussed the possibilities of a new Hall. After interviewing one or two old Soldiers, the party set off for Black Island. Owing to a breakdown in appointment, this fine Army centre was temporarily without an Officer, but the Corps Sergeant Major and his comrades gave the party a right royal welcome. In fact, they put off fishing for the day, and arrayed in uniform, made a Salvation Army gala day of the occasion. A new and fine Hall has, recently been opened here to replace one burnt about two years ago. As in the days of the Master, the crowd gathered on the beach where the Colonel held a meeting. Surely his words must have been inspired by Him who taught by the sea shore. Following a very happy service, the Colonel grouped together the comrades of the Corps and photographed them. A young man who lay dying was visited by the party. Dying victoriously, our comrade was blessed by the visit.

### At Exploits

Continuing the voyage to Exploits, where Captain Arthur Tuck is leading on, the Colonel and Major were guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. Manuel, whose kindness made the visitors very happy during their short stay. An inspection was followed by a bright and happy meeting.

The morning broke stormy with a stiff gale blowing. Port Leannington was the goal, the party being without Commandant and Mrs. Abbott, who returned to Tschibitz. On board the "Bramwell Booth," Skipper Parsons issued orders to don oil skis and rubber boots, and with a smile admitted to the landsmen that there was a bit of a swell outside. New Bay Head! The name conjures up to the mind of those in the know a miniature Bay of Biscay, and many a traveller has paid toll to Neptune rounding this Head, but Staff-Captain Cornick was forced to congratulate the Colonel and Major on their qualities as sailors.

The party arrived at Point Leannington unexpectedly, as no comrades thought it was too stormy for any but hardy seamen to be out. But what a welcome and what a meeting! Both the Colonel and Major were in great fettle and a wave of Salvation swept over the meeting. Seven seekers for Salvation, and twenty for Sanctification was the glorious consummation of the meeting that was

much moved upon by the Holy Spirit. Brother and Sister Rice joined the party here, and on the way Sister Rice prepared a delicious meal of flat fish which the party enjoyed and the Colonel and Major considered a great delicacy.

Cottle's Cove was visited in the morning. Captain David Legge, whose health is unfortunately not as good as could be desired, is bravely carrying on here. Going through this part of the journey is one of the most enjoyable trips in the Island of Newfoundland, and experienced travellers say it cannot be equalled anywhere but in Norway. In fact, many Norwegian captains who have piloted their ships through this part of the coast, could hardly persuade themselves they were not in their own native land. It appeared as if nature meant to give the strangers a real Newfoundland reception, for soon after getting under way a mass of dark clouds piling up to the North announced the approach of some dirty weather, and in a short while a severe hail-storm with stones of most unusual size broke over the boat and little headway was made. The storm lasted but a quarter of an hour, and the sun shone out brilliantly again upon a drenched deck and relieved travellers.

Pilly's Island, the District centre, which is under the command of Adj.

diery and friends made it very obvious that the visitors were welcome. Major Walton read the Scriptures in the Holiness meeting, and the lessons drawn were vivid and conclusive, and such as were calculated to lift hearts and minds up to the heights. The Colonel again gave his interesting lecture to a large audience in the afternoon, and at night delivered a forceful address, punctuated here and there with illustrations emphasizing the blessed truth that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.

### An Army Community

On Monday morning the visitors journeyed to Brigton.

Corps Sergeant-Major Bridger, father of Lieutenant Bridger, was visited, and business conducted with Lieutenant Gosse, the Corps Officer, with whom the question of a new Hall was thoroughly discussed. Taking Lieutenant Gosse with them, the party set off for Triton. This is one of The Salvation Army communities. Triton is quite a large and prosperous village, and the entire population is composed of Salvation Army Soldiers or adherents. There are three day schools. Adjutant and Mrs. Porter, the Commanding Officers, are very happily engaged in the work. As would be expected, there is a fine property at Triton, and the Colonel was very pleased with the possibilities in this place.

There was a great gathering of our people at night, the number being further augmented by motor-boat loads of interested folk from the nearby islands. Another season of Divine blessing was experienced, and there was another impressive dedication of the soldiery for service.

At 3 p.m. the following day "All aboard" sounded and the party left for Lushes Bight. Captain and Mrs.



Skipper Parsons (right) and Brother John Winsor, of Triton

ceeded under the direction of Ensign Brown and Captain Yates, of the Metropole. The city and Garrison Officers and Cadets all lent a hand, and a job was completed upon which these comrades are receiving congratulations.

We regret to hear that Captain Allan Greenham, who at present is with his mother at Comfort Cove is sinking rapidly, and at any moment may pass away. Prayers are requested for his recovery, who is putting up a gallant fight, and also his loved ones.

A gentleman, from Liverpool, England, recently dropped into Sub-Territorial Headquarters and asked to know something about "The Army in Newfoundland." He volunteered the information that he was once a Junior Soldier in the Old Land, and though he was not now a Salvationist, he would like to be one and was still very interested in "The Army's Work." He was shown round by Ensign Butler, and was greatly interested in the Close Rooms at College. He thought "The Army's" opportunities in this direction were wonderful.

The Colonel, supported by the General Secretary, recently conducted a busy two-days Session with the District Officers, assembled at St. John's for District Council. Matters of the greatest importance were thoroughly discussed, and a program outlined for the Fall and Winter work. Matters of organization were also fully dealt with. The Divisional Officers expressed themselves as benefited and blessed by these meetings.

Ensign Brown, Educational Secretary, has just begun a five-weeks' tour of schools in the Northern part of the Territory. The Ensign looks forward to a busy tour, as the educational standards are high. Congratulations are due to him. Congratulations are also due to Captain Peake, of Winterton, whose candidates all passed the examinations.

All the schools in the Territory are open and in full swing, and the Teachers have arranged their classes. The College is full, and Ensign Mercer, the Principal, has a good staff of Teachers to assist him. Congratulations are due to him. Congratulations are also due to Captain Peake, of Winterton, whose candidates all passed the examinations.



Major Walton, the crew of the "Bramwell Booth," and Adjutant and Mrs. Porter (Corps Officers), and Teachers of Triton

tant and Mrs. Pike, was reached in good time for the Saturday night's meeting. This Corps has given many Soldiers to other Corps, and a great many of the Lushes of some of the newer industrial towns have been transferred from Pilly's Island. Here Major Walton was delighted to meet the mother of Brother Walter Rice who had been treasurer at one of the Major's Canadian Corps. Great crowds gathered and Officers and Sol-

Thorne are the Corps Officers here and were right glad to see the specials. Visiting an aged, bed-ridden warrior of eighty-seven, the visitors were surprised to hear the old man's voice ringing above others as he joined in the songs sung. He was much blessed.

A full Hall greeted the visitors at night and rapt attention was paid (Continued on page 14)

to the messages. The near presence of God was gloriously realized.

Little Bay Islands was reached next day. The lighthouse-keeper ran up his flag in salutation. From the door of the spacious and beautiful Citadel Ensign Oake and Lieutenant Poole were able to show the visitors a most charming view. The meeting was characterized lucidly by one of the participants as "a big crowd and a big time." Among the penitents was found an ex-Sergeant-Major of the Corps who received a warm welcome back.

Springdale was the next stopping place. Here Commandant Burry, a long service Officer, met the travellers. The meeting at night was a crowded one and the messages of the Colonel and the Major were eagerly listened to. Of the two seekers, one was a young man who had been to college to study for the ministry, but had heard God's call to service in the Salvation Army, and had been going through a great conflict of soul.

Little Wards Harbor was the next Corps to be visited, and a meeting was held to the delight and blessing of those faithful comrades to whom this visit was a great treat. Three souls came forward for Salvation.

### One of the Best

Leaving Springdale, a landing was later made at a point nearest to Harry's Harbor Quarters, where an inspection was conducted and Lieutenant Rodway, the Corps Officer, accompanied the party to Jackson's Cove. Jackson's Cove (Captain Hull) has one of the best kept little Citadels in Newfoundland, and its fine soldiery take a pride in the care of their property. A splendid meeting was held and three souls were saved. One of the number, an aged man, had not for many years attended God's House.

The party embarked at 1 a.m. for the Sunday meetings at King's Point,

twelve miles away, which was reached at 3 a.m. Sunday's meetings were full of inspiration and blessing. In the Holiness meeting the General Secretary led the comrades up to glorious heights of aspiration, and in the afternoon the Colonel lectured. A great crowd gathered for each of the meetings. At night the Hall was filled and a meeting characterized by great freedom and liberty was led by the Colonel. Two souls sought and found Jesus.

### Dying Warrior's Message

At 12.30 a.m., after lunch at the home of Captain and Mrs. Reader, who are doing excellent work at King's Point, the trip to Comfort Cove was begun—a sixty mile journey. The wind was blowing a stiff breeze and was gradually increasing, but time waits for no man, and an effort had to be made to keep appointments. Some of the party "turned in" while others "manned the bridge." After a much-needed rest, the Colonel decided that as all appointments had been kept on the tour the party would make Comfort Cove that night in order not to disappoint the comrades there. When the travellers arrived, Commandant and Mrs. Sexton were on hand with a warm welcome. An inspiring time was spent and a great consecration of Soldiers and three souls for Salvation were the pleasing results. A visit was made by the whole party next morning to Captain and Mrs. Greenham. The Captain lies dying and his brave wife is tenderly nursing him in his last days of suffering.

## Campaigning in the Notre Dame District

(Continued from page 13)

Due mainly to the rigors of overseas service during the Great War, the Captain's system has been undermined, and this once robust, strong man who won many souls for his Master is calmly awaiting the summons. The Captain gazed on each face and the beloved uniform as his comrades entered the room, and the Colonel began to tenderly talk to him. The party knelt and sang and prayed with the dying warrior. When asked if he had a parting message for his Officer-comrades, the Captain said, "Y-s, Colonel; tell the Officers to go on loving God and to fight harder than ever for souls."

The party later set out for Campbellton, the District Centre, where Commandant and Mrs. Oake Lie wauking a victorious warfare. When about four miles from their desired haven, the sail was hoisted, but a sudden and terrific squall snapped the mast off, carrying it overboard, and with it the sail and rigging. The sail in its downward plunge enveloped the General Secretary. The others were alarmed for an instant, but the sturdy Major emerged unhurt. Campbellton was reached safely. A Salvation meeting took place at night, and here again the call to Consecration met a ready response and souls were saved.

### The Last Lap

Salt Pond Corps and Stanhope were visited the next day and inspections conducted, the visit to Stanhope and return to Lewisporte involving a walk of eight miles for the Sub-Territorial Commander and the Staff.

Captain; Major Walton interested himself at Lewisporte. The party, augmented by the Officer of Salt Pond, Lieutenant Rideout, and the worthy District Officer, Commandant Oake, opened a meeting in Lewisporte Hall, where Captain Goulding evidently has a good hold of the people. The Hall was gorged. From here the Campaigners returned to the Hub.

In giving his impressions of the tour the Colonel said, "I would not have missed it for anything; I have seen the real Salvation Army. I have been led, praise God, to realize that the same spirit that animated me years ago when I left my home to give all for God is still alive in the Army. My very soul has been drawn out by the immense gatherings, the earnest attention, the prayers and singing."

Major Walton said "This has been one of the most wonderful trips of my life; most wonderful in every way."

The Colonel and party wish to express, through the medium of "The War Cry," their deep appreciation of the kindness of the friends who ministered to their needs during the tour.

### Cheering the Sick

RENFREW (Captain Toms, Lieutenant Hart) — "We had with us on a recent week-end Major Best. God's presence was greatly felt in our Holiness meeting when THREE consecrated themselves for fuller service. Two rousing Open-Airs were held during the afternoon, one to bring cheer to the inmates of the Hospital. Our faith being great, God's Spirit is working mightily, and we are believing for great things for Renfrew—B.W."

### Breaking the Record

COCHRANE (Captain Turgerson, Lieutenant Harrington) — "Our Harvest Festival Target was smashed in record time, and much good is done by personal contact with the people. We have obtained the promise of seven children to be dedicated, and some for the Cradle Roll. On Sunday God's Spirit was felt all day, and at night ONE soul surrendered, a man whose wife is a Soldier—W.J.H."

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# We are looking for you

The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, before and as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty.

One dollar should, where possible, be sent with each enquiry, to help defray expenses.

Address Colonel Morehen, Men's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2, marking "Enquiry" on the envelope.

**RAVEN, Harry**—Away from home ten years. Broken-hearted mother has not heard from him for eight years. Please write him at once. 17005

**BRITAIN, John**—Age 37 years; height 5 ft. 7 in.; brown eyes and hair; dark complexion. A native of Ireland; bookkeeper by occupation. In 1915 he left Ireland for Canada to go harvesting. His last known address. In 1926, was St. Catharines, Ontario. Please communicate. Mother very anxious to hear. 16922

**DONEY, Harry**—Age 25 years; height 5 ft. 11 in.; weight about 125 lbs. Born in Belfast, N.B. Last heard of in St. Catharines, Ontario; also in Buffalo, N.Y. Please communicate. 17155

**TURNER, William**—Anyone knowing the present whereabouts of this man please communicate. He is 35 years of age; height 5 ft. 11 in.; brown hair, fair complexion; born in Belfast, Ireland. His last known address was 1909, Duchess Street. 17190

**POLK, Robert John**—Age 60 years; height 5 ft. 1 in.; light brown hair; blue eyes; rather large ears; broad shoulders; long arm. Struck by a car and left home to work for man near Perth, Ontario. Please communicate. Brother anxious to locate. 17294

**WEIR, Joseph**—Left Carnegym, Abigail, on 15th of July, 1926, to go to St. Catharines, Ontario. Last heard of on October 20th, 1926. Please communicate. Sister, in Ireland, anxious to hear from him. 17295

**QUARRE, Edmund**—Age 54 years; born in Copenhagen, near Hagen, Germany. Has been missing since 1923, in Kitchener, Ontario. Any news will be greatly appreciated by his sister in Germany. 17212

**MORTENSEN, Marinus**—Born in Vinstrup, Denmark. Has been working as cook in hotel, at Crystal Beach, Ontario, and later with another hotel in Toronto. His whereabouts are urgently sought. 17212

**NELSON, Robert**—Whereabouts is urgently sought by wife. Age 30 years; height 5 ft. 6 in.; weight 121 lbs.; brown hair; hazel eyes; fair complexion. Please cut out or let also cut it. His home is in Montreal on July 26th. Anyone knowing his whereabouts, please communicate. 17213

**MURRAY, E. B.**—Anyone knowing present whereabouts of the relative of this man, please communicate, as it is very important. It is thought that they may be in Montreal. 17211

**LEGGETT, James Laird**—Height 6 ft.; age 46 years; dark hair; fair complexion. Upper part of nose flattened. If this should meet the eye, please communicate. Mother very anxious to hear from him, as everything will be alright. 17219

**LEGGETT, Peter**—Laird—Age 15 years; height 5 ft. 10 in.; dark hair; fair complexion. Has a scar on his head about 2 in. cut. May be going by the name of David Laird. Please communicate, mother anxious to hear from him, as everything is alright. 17219

**GOODS, David**—Age 30 years; height 5 ft. 7 in.; dark brown hair; brown eyes; light legs. He may be staying at Salvation Army institutions, which possible. Mother very anxious to hear from him. 17220

**TARGET, Herbert**—Age 50 years; height 5 ft. 9 in.; dark brown hair; brown eyes; narrow complexion. Native of Bradford, England. Brother by trade. Last heard of about twenty years ago in Montreal. Please communicate. Mother very anxious to hear. 18231

**CAMPBELL, William**—Age 60 years; height 5 ft. 4 in.; dark hair; brown eyes; light complexion. Walks with a cane. Is a cabinet maker by occupation. Please communicate. 17164

**MANIUS, Allan R.**—Age 28 years; height 5 ft. 6 in.; medium complexion; dark brown hair; light blue eyes. Last (Continued in column 4)

# Halifax I - - - 1,125 Montreal I - - - 1,105 Halifax's Slogan, "Never Say Die!"

[By Wire

Halifax I

"Editor 'War Cry,'

"Toronto.

"Send twenty-five extra copies 'War Cry.' Boomer's slogan, 'Never Say Die.'—Adjutant Boshier."

**H**E CAME into the Editorial Den, did the Publisher, and flung the wire on my desk, and stood by speechless.

I scanned the buff-colored sheet and read:

Send twenty-five extra copies "War Cry."

Boomer's slogan, "Never say die."

Adjutant Boshier,

Halifax I

"What's the news?" do you ask. "The War Cry" gives you the most important news of the day—the news of Salvation from the uttermost to the uttermost, of a Saviour who died to save "Whosoever will." Help to publish the glad tidings by booming "The War Cry."



I looked up. The Publisher was still speechless. But his merry eyes spoke; his glowing face was positively eloquent.

Said the Publisher's expression to me, "My boy; I'm staggered; I'm thrilled; I'm amazed; I'm jubilant; I'm absolutely—well, I'm everything. I bow to Halifax I and its boomers."

## They're the Goods.

This is momentous news, my son. We're living in great days. These truly are marvellous happenings—the sort of thing one will tell one's children and grandchildren about in days to come, etc., etc. He went out, still

## Absolutely Speechless

with wonder—positively too full for words.

I agree. These are wonderful days. Halifax I's plucky fight is stirring us all to the very depths.

This news is the real thing—positively the very stuff the doctor ordered.

And now, I give it up. I've been wondering and wondering, and wondering again who will give in first—the Montreals or the Halifaxians. Can't be done. I give it up. Equal in

## Grit and Enterprise

they are worthy foes, each worthy of the other's steel.

We shall watch this long and heroic duel with unrelaxed interest. What'll Montreal think of this?

Peterboro is still silent regarding Sherbrooke's plucky challenge. What's the matter with Ensign Ernest Green? I fancy the Peterboro boomers shout in chorus, "He's all right!" All right then. What about Sherbrooke?

Perhaps we shall have word by next week.

And you, who are "As you were," get going and help us to

—C. M. Rising.

## Converts to the Front

**VERDEN** (Ensign and Mrs. Larman)—Our annual Harvest Festival services were held on Saturday and Sunday, September 15-16th. Wonderful times of blessing were experienced throughout the weekend. Our attendance was well over the average; two of our recent converts testified in the Open-air and inside meetings. We had our sale on Monday night, concluding a very successful week-end.—W.T.M.

## AMERICAN VISITORS Old Acquaintances Renewed

**CORNWALL** (Adjutant and Mrs. Jones)—The week-end of September 22-23rd, was a busy one. We started on Friday night at Maxwell, a town of thirty miles distant, which was held by Songsters and Soldiers, and a real time of blessing was the outcome. On Saturday and Sunday we put on a strenuous campaign. As usual we had a splendid crowd at the Open-air on Saturday night, and our numbers were depleted by several comrades of the Band taking on holiday. The Holiness meeting at Sunday was a feast to our souls. At night we were honored by the visit of Field-Major and Mrs. Brindley and Ensign Brindley, their son from New York, who are on their furlough. Mrs. Brindley spoke to us and told of God's goodness to her since last she was here, thirty-four years ago. The Ensign sang for us, and the Field-Major took the lesson. This visit was a renewing of old acquaintances, and the Field-Majors were stationed here years ago.—E. Holden.

## St. Thomas Gives Three

**ST. THOMAS** (Adjutant and Mrs. Ryan)—Sunday, September 30th, was a day long to be remembered by the St. Thomas Corps. Three Candidates forwarded for the Training Garrison. These young comrades have come up through the Juniors and have been good workers in the Corps. Each one of them was responsible for one of the meetings. They all did well, their words were an inspiration to us all. We shall miss them very much here, but they were good workers in the different positions which they held, but we pray that they will be the means of blessing many souls in their wider sphere of labor.—Secretary Murray.

## Divisional Commander on the Bridge

**CHAPLEAU** (Captain Janaway, Lieutenant Pedersen and Clerk)—It was with pleasurable anticipation we awaited the arrival of our Divisional Commander, Major Cameron, to conduct the meetings of the week-end of September 22nd and 23rd. On his arrival the Major became a participant in the Open-air delivered to us an interesting crowd. On Sunday morning another attack was launched on sin, in an Open-air, held at the C.P.R. Station, where a crowd of holiday-makers eagerly drank in the message. The Holiness meeting was the message of blessing, and the Major's talk brought much blessing to those present. In the evening service a good crowd gathered to hear the Major, who delivered a Salvation address, which brought conviction to many. It was indeed a profitable week-end.

## Coming Events

### THE CHIEF SECRETARY

Dovercourt—Wednesday, Oct. 17th.

**LT.-COLONEL MACAMMOND:** Brantford, Sat.-Sun., Oct. 20-21; Windsor, Sat.-Sun., Oct. 27-28; Hamilton III, Mon., Oct. 29; Hamilton III, Tues., Oct. 30; Hamilton IV, Wed., Oct. 31.

**MRS. LT.-COLONEL MORRIS:** Dovercourt, Sat.-Sun.-Mon., Oct. 27-29.

**BRIGADIER BYERS:** Dovercourt, Sun., Oct. 21.

**MRS. BRIGADIER GREEN, St. Thomas,** Sat.-Sun.-Mon., Oct. 27-29.

**BRIGADIER MACDONALD:** Brockville, Fri., Oct. 19; Montreal III, Sun., Oct. 21; Montreal VIII, Sun., Oct. 23.

**STAFF-CAPTAIN RICHES:** Montville, Sat.-Sun., Oct. 20-21; Port Colborne, Sat.-Sun., Oct. 27-28.

(Continued from column 1)

heard of in May, 1923, in Napanea, Ont. Please communicate. Father anxious to hear from him. 17232

**DRAKER, George John**—Age 32 years; height 5 ft. 8 in.; dark hair; eyes dark; complexion: clean shaven. Last home on 8th of August to go to work, but has not returned home. Should this meet the eye, please communicate. He was a member of 56th Machine Gun Battalion. Had tattoo mark on right arm. 17233

In the case of women, please notify Lt.-Colonel DesBuis, Women's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2.

**SEYMOUR, Mrs. Florence Maud**—At one time lived in St. John N.E., also Boston and England. Last heard of in Montreal. Daughter, Mrs. Florence Seymour, enquires. 17234

**ATKINSON, Mrs. J. W.**—Last heard of in Toronto. News, Mrs. L. enquires. 17235

**SMILEY, Kate**—Single; age 24; height 5 ft. 6 in.; dark hair; eyes dark; complexion dark. Born in Scotland; missing since 1915. Last address Ottawa, Ontario. Sister enquires. 17236

**KEENAN, Elizabeth**—Known as Betty; age 23; light hair; blue eyes. Went last heard of was at Sandridge, Ontario. Now thought to be in North Bay, Ontario. 17237

**BROWN, Miss Dorothy**—Left Montreal for Toronto five or six years ago. Then known as Mrs. Owen Hawkins. Relative enquires. 17238

**MCRAE, Margaret**—Age 20; height 5 ft. 6 in.; dark brown hair; blue eyes; fresh complexion. Native of Bangor, County Down, Ireland. Went to Canada eighteen years ago and settled in Montreal. Mother enquires. 17239

**CLEAREY, Mary Ann**—Last address Sherbourne, Quebec. Age 30; medium height; fair hair. Mother enquires. 17240

**GREENMAN, Mrs. H. G.**—Height 5 ft.; dark hair and eyes. Native of Brownhill, Staffordshire, England. Last known address Toronto, Canada. Sister enquires. 17241

## Cadets Welcomed

**SWANSEA** (Captain Currie, Lieutenant Beaton)—On Wednesday, September 19th, Brigadier Cameron, enquired one of our Recruits as a Soldier. The Harvest Festival week-end meetings were conducted by Brothers Langridge and Briggs, from Milton. The Spirit of the Week was felt in all the meetings, and we rejoiced over TWO new recruits seeking the blessing in Christ. The Spirit of the Week was felt in all the meetings, and we welcomed a Brigade of the Centenary Session of Cadets to our Corps, and we were glad to have them going to use them in our district. The Young People also put on a program on Monday night, previous to the sale of the produce. 17242

## IMMIGRATION & COLONIZATION DEPARTMENT

Assisted Passages for Families from Great Britain

To bring about the early reunion of families from the Old Country, we offer very liberal terms.

Write for particulars—

**THE RESIDENT SECRETARY**  
The University St. Montreal, P.Q.

**The Secretary,**  
450 Jarvis St., Toronto, Ont.  
809 Dundas St., Woodstock, Ont.  
365 Ontario St., Smiths Falls, Ont.  
114 Beckett St., Smiths Falls, Ont.

# THE FORTY-SIXTH ANNUAL TERRITORIAL CONGRESS

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX  
**COMMISSIONER HUGH E. WHATMORE**

Territorial Commander for Southern Australia and International Representative

and  
**LIEUT.-COMMISSIONER W. MAXWELL**

Supported by

**Mrs. Lieut.-Commissioner Maxwell, The Chief Secretary  
and Mrs. Henry, and The Territorial Staff**

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX  
**TORONTO, OCTOBER 12th to 16th**  
**IN THE ARENA**

**FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12th at 8 p.m.**

**ATTRACTIVE DEMONSTRATION, SHOWING PHASES OF SALVATION ARMY WORK IN CANADA  
UNITED BANDS**

**IN THE MASSEY HALL**

**SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13th**

**7.45 p.m. - Meeting for Soldiers, Adherents  
and Friends**

**3.00 p.m. - - - - - Lecture by  
COMMISSIONER WHATMORE  
"My Missionary Travels"**

**SIR WILLIAM MULOCK, K.C.M.G.,  
Will Preside**

**SUNDAY, OCTOBER 14th**

**10.45 a.m. - Public Holiness Meeting**

**7.00 p.m. - - - - - Battle for Souls**

**MONDAY and TUESDAY, OCTOBER 15th and 16th, Officers' Councils**

## **Lieut.-Commissioner W. Maxwell**

supported by

**MRS. LIEUT.-COMMISSIONER MAXWELL,  
THE CHIEF SECRETARY AND STAFF**

**MONTREAL, OCTOBER 6th to 8th**

**IN THE No. 1 CITADEL**

**SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6th**

**7.45 p.m. - - - - - United Soldiers' Meeting**

**SUNDAY, OCTOBER 7th**

**Three Meetings—10.45 a.m.—3 p.m.—7 p.m.**

**MONDAY, OCTOBER 8th**

**Great United Open-Air Procession of a Spectacular Character, followed by a United Meeting  
in STANLEY HALL**

**On Sunday, The Chief Secretary will conduct Meetings at Verdun Corps and Colonel Taylor  
will lead at Point St. Charles Corps**